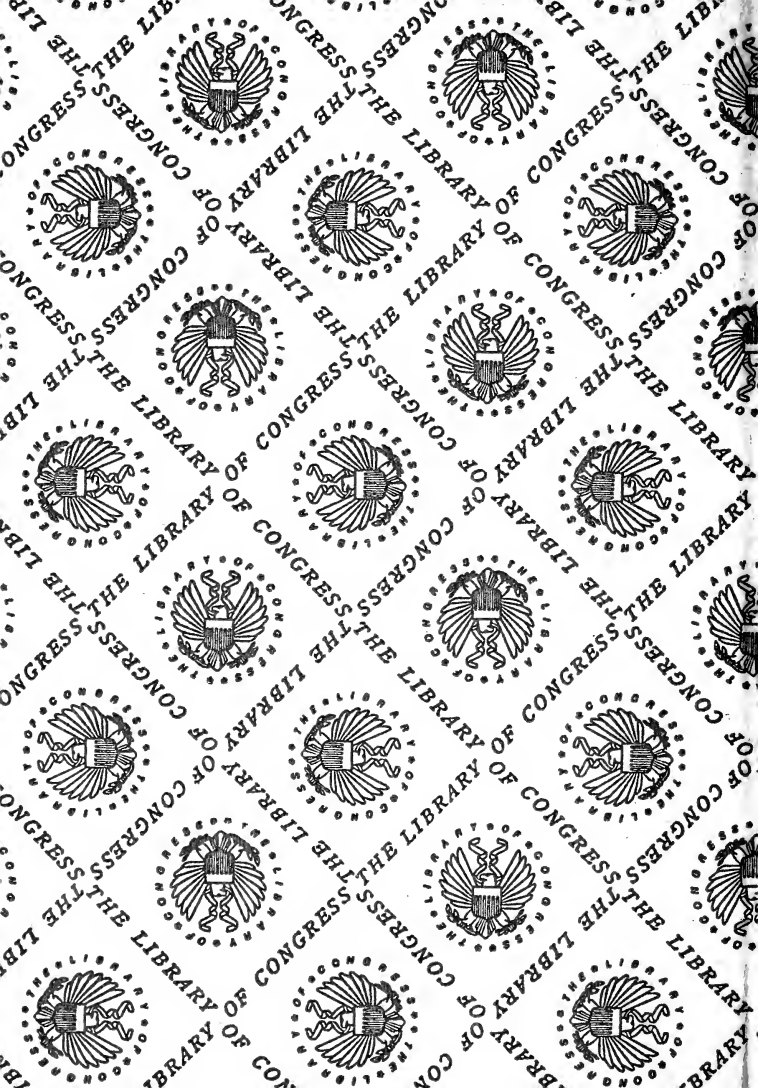
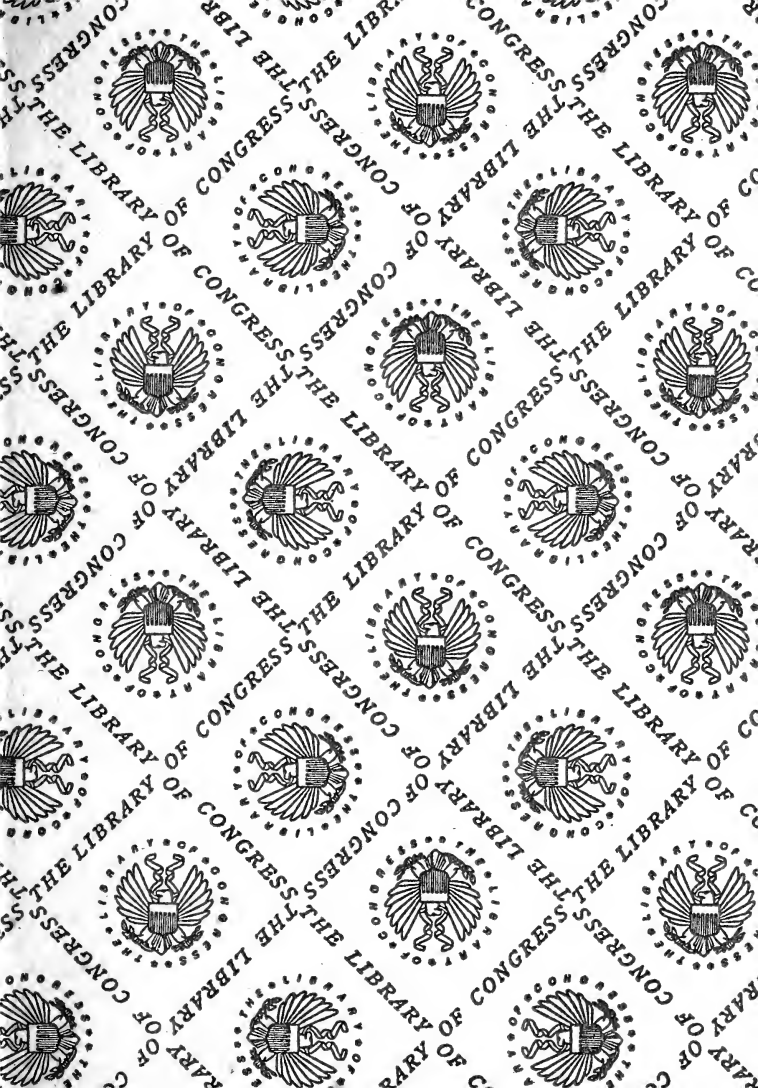


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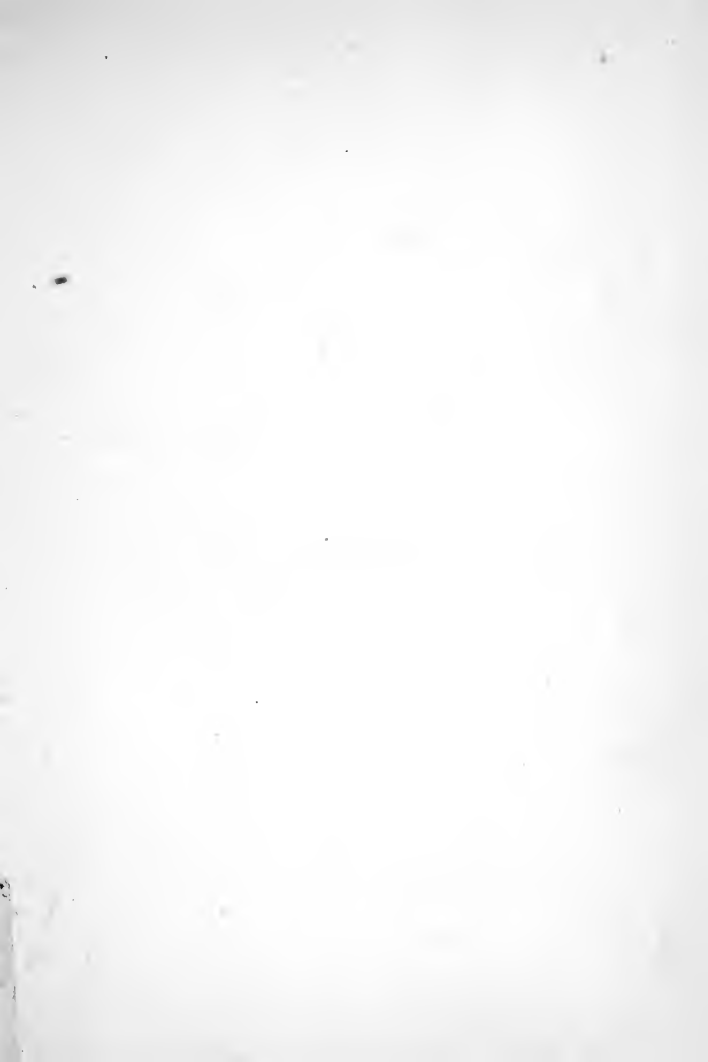
















# John Murray's Landfall

A Romance  
And a Foregleam

Pearly morn and fervid noon,  
Raining diamonds on the sea,  
Evening rapt in mystery,  
Tender light of star, of moon:

Author of "Christus Victor," "Mystery of the West," etc.

So the wonders of the deep  
Sank into my very soul;  
Strove to make the heart-break whole,  
As my spirit lay asleep.

G. P. Putnam's Sons  
New York and London  
The Knickerbocker Press

1911

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By

Henry Nehemiah Dodge

Author of "Christus Victor," "Mystery of the West," etc.

*Illustrated*

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D. H. Sept. 3, 1871  
"Man is of heavenly extraction, is in his nature allied to the heavenly state in which he was created before he was formed of the dust of the earth. . . . Were the earth with all her vines and fruits my own this moment, on condition that I should give up the riches which I see in this heavenly relation, my bargain would make me poor."

HOSEA BALLOU.

"He that toucheth humanity toucheth the apple of God's eye."

"God knew how much the gift of life would cost us. He did not give it frivolously and carelessly. He gave it because of the magnificent results that He purposes from it."

BASIL WILBERFORCE.

"In the past days religion sang of a ruined race and a world under the Divine wrath and curse. Cannot we set to music the ideal of a rising humanity and the good news of a world under God's love and blessing?"

JOHN HUNTER.





## NOTE

**I**N *John Murray's Landfall* the poet has sung the romance of a rare soul in the shaping for a mighty work: flamed upon in the forge of God by the fires of love, of death, of religious passion, bruised by the scorn of men, overwhelmed by despair, and, finally, startled into new life by the commanding faith of a lowly seeker after Truth.

Among the forces that are slowly but irresistibly re-moulding the ideals of mankind—religious, political, and social—first and most powerful is the conception of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. This supreme vision, at best but dimly seen, is waking new life in the churches of Christendom and kindling new hopes in the nations and kindreds of the earth. Nor has our civilization seen a greater epoch, since the advent of Christ, than that born of this conception of the divine origin

and destiny of man, the essential oneness of the race and its inseverable union with God, and marked by the event which gives name to this poem. Sprung from Him who taught us to say "Our Father" and "Our Brother," it has in this age burst into more glorious bloom, rich with promise of abundant fruit.

It is fitting, therefore, that we who behold with wonder the flowering of this world-embracing truth should recall with gratitude the planting of the precious seed, in the dawn of our country's history, by one through whose labors and fostering care it here first in the history of the world took on the form of organized life.

Closely identified with the great religious movements of the close of the eighteenth century, broken-hearted by his excommunication from the church and by domestic affliction, John Murray fled from England in the year 1770, that he might bury his grief in the wilderness of the New World. Driven by stress of weather upon the Jersey coast, near the little hamlet known as Good Luck, he was astounded at the warm welcome of Thomas Potter, who, with his own



hands, had built him a meeting-house and was waiting for "the preacher whom God would send."

How this fisherman-farmer, this heroic man of faith, arrested the flight of the fugitive, insisting that he deliver the message intrusted to him, and what came of it, is quaintly told in John Murray's autobiography.

However strange, to our way of thinking, and even fanciful may seem his theology, one cannot fail to be inspired by the majesty of his vision of humanity united and complete;—magnificent apocalypse!—his attempt to express in finite terms the infinite grandeur and tenderness of Redeeming Love.

The sudden metamorphosis at Good Luck of a discouraged man, fleeing from his past and his kind, into a heroic and unswerving apostle of the World-Saviour; who feared neither tribulation nor the face of man; who, unaided and alone, traversed the Colonies from city to city, from hamlet to hamlet, back and forth from Maryland to New Hampshire, through storm and cold, on horseback and afloat, without money

in his purse, excepting as the Lord in whom he trusted raised up friends to help him on his way; refusing all offers of a settled home for ten long years; witnessing to both small and great in crowded assemblies, by the hearth and by the campfires of the Revolution—it was this mighty change which constituted the wonder and the glory of John Murray's life.

The romantic story has long appealed to many hearts on account of its simple beauty, its human interest, and its epic significance.

Trodden under foot of men, born of desolation, a flower of Paradise is cradled amid snow and ice. Anon the arbut wakes, each lovely petal radiant with joy. Breathing upon the winds of heaven: LOVE NEVER FAILETH, the wondrous flower is pushing back the winter gloom and filling the earth with its fragrance.

H. N. D.





## PRELUDE

*Who hath haste let him pass on—perchance he  
questeth dross,  
To find, when he the goal hath won, but emptiness  
and loss.*

*For such my numbers and my rime are naught.  
For him my song  
Who dreameth dreams of bygone time, of spirits  
pure and strong;*

*Who dreameth dreams of golden Day beyond the  
verge of Night,  
When man shall tread a fairer way, rejoicing in  
the light;*

*When man, of royal pedigree, his birthright shall  
attain;  
When Man—stupendous mystery!—with God  
enthroned shall reign.*

*Eager, my harp, thy pulses leap, urged by the  
mighty theme;  
With flowing chords the rapture sweep adown the  
rushing stream!*

*The ages vast thy bosom thrill, along thy strings  
they gleam;  
Sing: Love Divine to man goodwill!—the burden of  
my dream.*

*Thy tuneful strings in full accord the burden oft  
repeat;  
Sing: Love, and Love alone is Lord, and hail His  
glowing feet!*





VENI, DOMINE JESU

THOU that sowest world-wide harvest, Reaper  
of Nations—

Life from death, light from darkness, and love  
from hatred—

Mighty World-Saviour, summon this people  
unto Thy sowing!

Sons of heroic ancestry, heirs of an heritage  
peerless,

Heirs of Love's wider evangel, whose joy the  
Church is awakening;

Heirs of light whose glory is filling the earth and  
heavens,

Help us to shake off the lethargy that in long  
slumber hath bound us;

Help us to gird our loins to serve Thee, as once  
did the Fathers

Whose high faith I celebrate, as Thou in old  
time didst lead them!

Thou who in darkness showed to Thy servants  
foregleams of dayspring,

Show me the noontide of glory oncoming—show  
me Thy fulness!

May I be not disobedient unto the heavenly  
vision;

Give me the voice of a silver trumpet, attuned  
to Thy sweetness;

Breathe on mine eyelids, breathe on my dream-  
ing, gracious World-Saviour!





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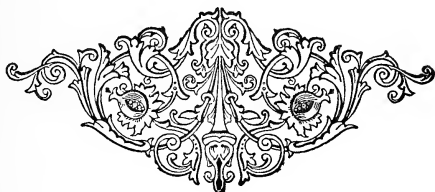
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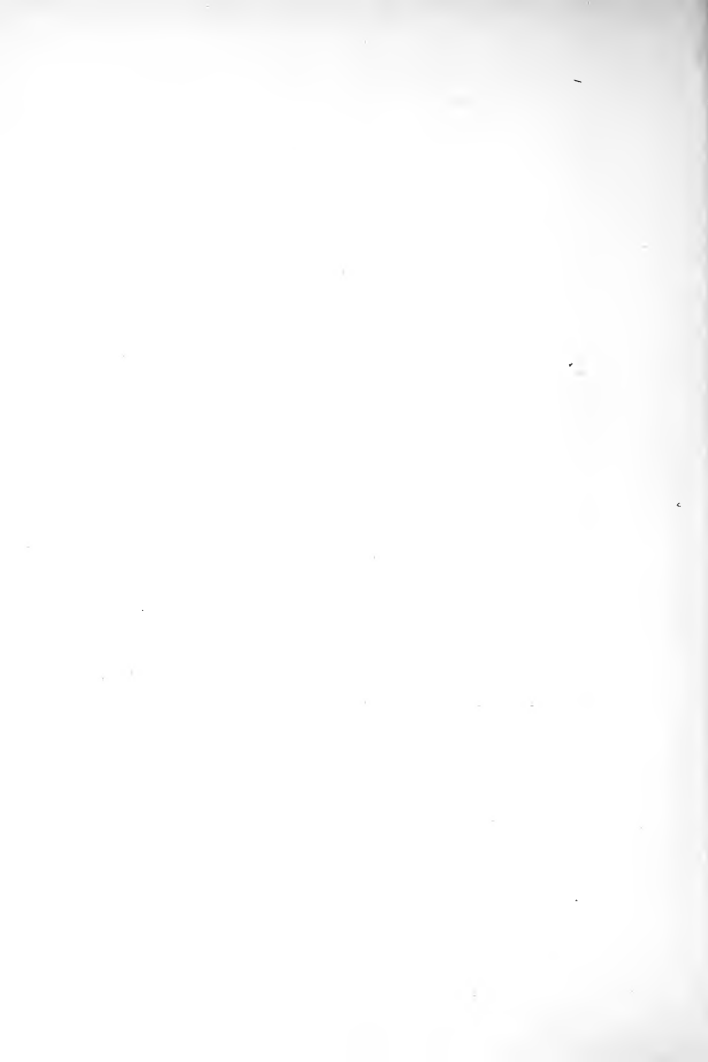


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# Book One

“ To view God as our Father, and all mankind as our brethren, and to believe our everlasting Father will never act inconsistent with this endearing character, . . . to trust in God at all times, not being afraid; to come up from this wilderness leaning on the Belovéd—in one word, to cast all our care upon Him, for ourselves and for others, for time and for eternity, is to glorify God in our spirit.”

“ Is it not pleasant to walk in the light, to be delivered from fear, to behold the Creator of your frame, the Redeemer of your spirit, as a tender, kind, compassionate Father; to be able to look death in the face with composure, to have the heart fixed, constantly trusting in God?”

“ He who said to the evil spirit, *Come out of him*, in one instance, can, with as much ease and equal success, separate the evil spirit from every individual of the human family; *and what He can do, He will do.*”

“ O, boundless theme! O, unfathomable depth! O, glorious day.”

JOHN MURRAY



John Murray

"To view God as our Father, and all mankind as our  
brother, and to follow our exhorting Father will never  
act incommensurate with this exhorting character, . . . to  
trust in perfect all things, and being afraid to come up  
from this address and business on the Sabbath—in one word,  
to call all our past and future for ourselves and for others,  
but to be given to God, as to God in our spirit."

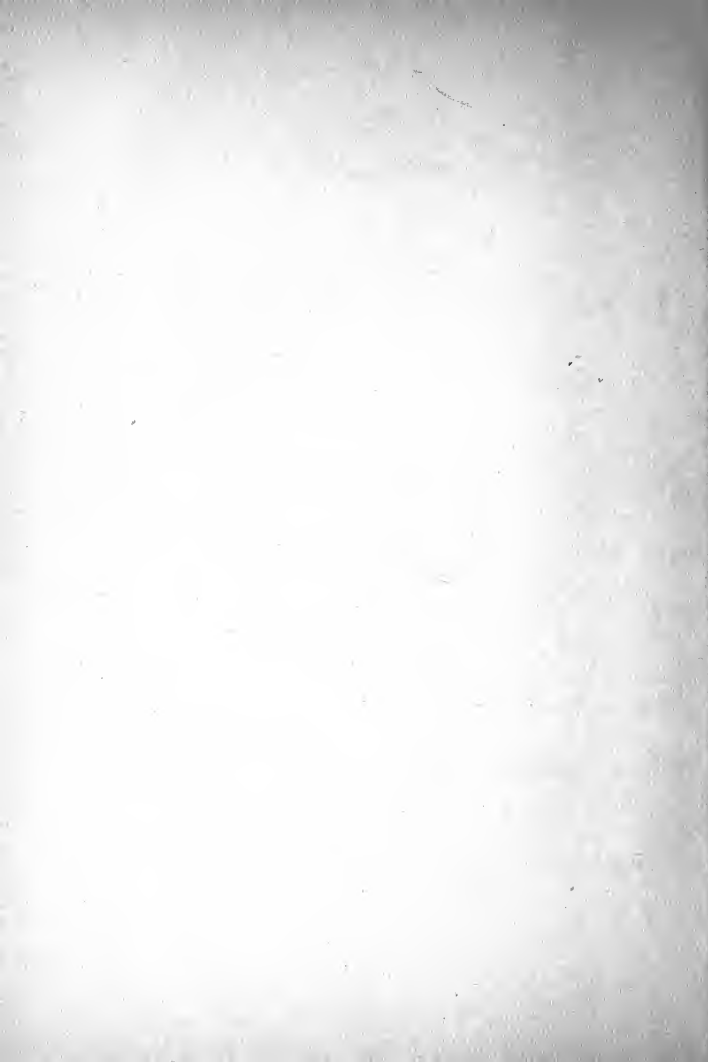
"It is a new power to be delivered  
from you, to deliver us from the power of your frame, the  
power of your . . .  
**John Murray** . . . kind, compassionate  
tendency to be . . . in the face with com-  
passion to . . . constantly trusting in

" . . . out of him, in one  
direction, with us, much more and more success, sep-  
arate the evil spirit from every individual of the human  
family, and what He can do for the world."

"O, boundless Christ! O, unfathomable depth! O,  
glorious day!"

JOHN MURRAY









# John Murray's Landfall

A ROMANCE AND A FOREGLEAM

---

AGE-LONG the billows roll their tides o'er  
tempestuous ocean;  
So in the life of the world still flow the tides of  
the Spirit,  
Unto the dim-seen goal of destiny surging  
majestic,  
Moving the restless heart of man with infinite  
longing.

When in myriad souls is heard the mysterious  
whisper,  
Soft swells the tide, more deep, more vast, till  
the sea in commotion

Hurls its might resistless, from zone to zone  
on-sweeping—

Mighty pulsation of impulse flowing from God  
to His children.

Borne on the towering crest, some leader of  
men for a moment

Guides the advancing flood. Anon he is gone,  
and another

Rises from infinite depths, unfathomed abysses  
of ocean.

Out of the strife and the turmoil, oppression and  
murk of the glooming;

Out of the chaos and darkness of long mediæval  
confusion,

Out of the waters seething with flotsam of glory  
departed—

Civilization awaiting rebirth from the womb  
of the ages—

Uprose the cry of Freedom; humanity bruised  
and despairing;

Rome's red hand on the spirit of man had  
welded her fetters.

Muttered thunders of Wittenberg; far gleamed  
the lightnings of Leyden—

Rose John Calvin with voice of command  
Jehovah proclaiming

Ruler of men and nations, of all things Author,  
Disposer;

Unto the Lord of Hosts demanding allegiance  
from all men.

Vast the response! From the shores of Geneva  
the Alps heard the challenge,

Clear from their fastnesses echoed, exulting,  
their anthem of freedom

Unto the waking Lowlands; nerving the Hugue-  
not exile;

Puritan England arousing to shake off the grip  
of the Stuart—

Tyranny hateful in Church, in State by her  
yeomanry smitten.

Buffeted long on tempestuous seas fled west-  
ward the Pilgrim,

Wrote the immortal compact, sealed in the May-  
flower's cabin,

Whereon rest our liberties, world's hope, rule  
of the people—  
Planted precious seed in the fertile soil of the  
New World.  
Woke there from sleep to larger vision the mind  
of the people,  
Stunted, starved so long in the prison-house  
where it had languished.

*They sing unto Jehovah, to whom all glory be,  
Whose chariot is the tempest, whose triumph-way  
the sea.  
In Him alone confiding, they face with courage  
high  
The elemental fury engulfing sea and sky.*

*The Lord of Hosts their Keeper, what peril may  
they fear  
Of sudden foe or tempest or phantom lurking near?  
Lost in the unknown vastness, through storm and  
mystery  
Their valiant keel is flying in quest of Liberty:*

These waged a valiant warfare, and we inherit  
their labors—  
Tyrants enthroned they defied; deposed they  
the ghostly oppressor;  
Freedom they gave to manhood, by privilege  
long imprisoned,  
But, as if tear-dimmed eyes to shield from  
glory too dazzling,  
Crowned they on Heaven's exalted throne a  
Despot Almighty,  
Who, that His pitiless counsel might stand, for  
His pleasure and glory,  
Hosts untold would consign to unspeakable  
anguish of burning,  
Reprobate by His decree before they were ever  
created;  
Prey of the worm, of remorse undying through  
infinite cycles;  
Hope engulfed in ruin, nor goal for their long-  
ing, no respite;  
Blackness of night eternal, naught after, no  
to-morrow;  
Never one gleam of dawn athwart the abyss of  
their torment!

(Jealous the Fateful Sisters glower askance on  
Jehovah!)

Ah, how many a heart hath this cruel phantom  
affrighted!

Yet from the clouds and darkness gleamed  
forth resplendent the sun's rays:

Chance fled amain from the face of the Lord, the  
Omnipotent Ruler;

Strength sat supreme on the throne of the  
universe, sovereign of all things.

Then was made known what a wonder of love!  
For whereso Jehovah

Looked on a soul elect by His sovereign decree  
to glory—

Plucked from the holocaust frightful aflame  
with His fierce anger—

Naught in life or in death, not all the powers of  
darkness

Might by a hair's breadth that blessed one  
swerve from the free gift predestined—

Love unconditioned his high birthright, though  
myriads were passed by!

O Heart of Man, how couldst thou conceive twin  
demon and angel?

How from one Fount could flow these waters so  
sweet and so bitter?

So unfolds in gloom the marvellous night-  
blooming cactus;

So from corruption and darkness the lily her  
petals upraises;

So from her wild thorn-tangle the rose breathes  
ravishing fragrance!

. . . . .

Changeful the heavens. While storm-clouds  
loomed on the murky horizon,

Down streamed the rifted zenith with silent  
splendor of sunlight.

But, as swelling seas fore-run a new tide fast  
on-rolling,

Storm-cloud and marvellous sunburst of glory in  
fitful succession,

Sweep o'er the ocean vast, flying shadow and  
gleam intermingled.

On bears the mighty stream with infinite  
passion thrilling,

As on the waking waters descends the breath of  
the Spirit;  
Travail of doubt, suspense and pain of destiny  
thwarted;  
As if the dead of a thousand years, disturbed  
in their long sleep  
Moved from abysmal rest among mourning  
tangles of sea-growth,  
Moved by the currents of ocean, up-borne to  
life had risen—  
Voices celestial contending for man with demons  
infernial.

Vanished the dream of the Commonwealth,  
vanished the armies of Cromwell;  
Dead was the life of the Church, grown gross  
and fat on the people;  
Husks in place of bread she offered to men who  
were starving!  
Dead the things of the Spirit, buried in form  
and in dogma;  
Hushed the voices of praise, the liturgy tedious  
droning;



Puritan freedom rejected, terrors of Puritan  
cherished;  
Low ebbd the tide in Anglican waters, when  
out of the unknown—  
Voices of Oxford and Epworth the winds of  
heaven wide wafting—  
Out of the infinite deep John Wesley, in might  
ascended;  
Rose on the crest of the mounting tide the  
masterful leader;  
Shaking the sleep of the Church with the clarion  
voice of the prophet,  
Rousing dead souls to wake, to live for things  
of the Spirit.

Bones of the dead heard his masterful summons,  
and fellow to fellow  
Came they, part to part, as garments of flesh  
clothed their waking!  
Fair on the gloom of the world shone forth the  
Brotherhood vision,  
Heart unto heart close binding, the burst of song  
sweeping heavenward,

As when bird-carols awake the fields from the  
sleep of winter.

*Spirit moving on the deep,  
Wake, ah, wake my soul from sleep!  
Melt my winter; Thy warm glow  
Bid springtime fragrance round me flow!*

*Spirit of man, rejoice, rejoice!  
Through mart and way a gentle Voice  
Is calling, calling. Dost not hear  
The Friend of Sinners drawing near?*

*Hope, like a bird on heavenward song,  
Rises where Night has brooded long;  
Floods the glad morn with joyous lay—  
Sweet herald of immortal Day!*

Over the land flow streams of refreshing from  
Heavenly fountains—  
Drink for the thirsty soul, for the perishing life-  
giving water.  
Hope to all the world extends the Lord's  
invitation,

Hope that would open wide the door for the  
many to enter—

Hearts of men in revolt at last against Night's  
black invention—

Hope with Fear alternate, yet tenderly offering  
comfort

Unto hearts long crushed under Hell's condign  
reprobation

(Hate masquerading as Logic with Love his  
bewildered partner).

Nearer Jehovah draws, with the lowly making  
His dwelling;

Open more wide the Arms of Calvary, yearning  
for all men;

Wider the Cross throws its light. But ever  
loom in the distance

Muttering clouds whose night and gloom flash  
threatenings and lightning.

Heart of Man, Heart of Man, ever aspiring,  
ever out-reaching,

Shadows thou hatest, Day is thy birthright,  
Hope springs immortal!

So sweet April breaks from her prison, and  
casts off her fetters,  
Melted to tears by the fervor of sunlight that  
greeted her waking;  
Joy of new being, rainbow and shower, smiles  
amid weeping;  
Herald of gladness, of glory of summer, and  
fruitage of autumn.

. . . . .

While the vast world of waters is seething with  
tidal commotion,  
Silent flows a shoreless stream through the  
ocean's vastness,  
Born where majestic Amazon's equatorial ardor  
Meets the implacable tidal wrath of jealous  
Atlantic—  
Soul of a thousand leagues of sun-kissed tropical  
splendor;  
Inexhaustible wealth of immemorial forests,  
Garlands of verdure perpetual draping the  
mighty river;  
Network of interlaced waterways weaving a  
royal garment,

Robing in raiment of silver a continent's virgin  
bosom;  
Life, exuberant life, rejoicing, o'erflowing the  
sun's realm,  
Graced by the lordly palm, with the fairy orchid  
bejewelled.

On through mysterious depths of all-encom-  
passing ocean,  
Urged by the constant winds that blow from  
Orient's dreaming,  
Under-sea waters from either pole married and  
flowing  
Westward urge the current, as sunward the  
ponderous earth rolls.  
Silent the sea-river takes its way through  
Caribbean waters  
Instinct with life, whose billows flash soft-  
phosphorescent,  
Lit by the gleam of the Southern Cross and the  
splendor of Argo;  
Warmed on the sea-robed bosom of Earth are  
the star-jewelled billows

Under whose sea-caves glow subterranean tor-  
rents fierce flaming,  
Pelée terrific with lightnings, seaward hurling  
his thunder.  
On flow the fertile waters, laving the glowing  
Antilles,  
Teeming the myriad shapes of life that crowd  
the full seaway,  
Scaly tribes of hue resplendent, coral, gor-  
gona;  
Forth from its native seas to the Gulf, as unto  
its cradle,  
Pausing where the fierce Cortez trampled on  
pale Montezuma,  
Onward swirls the stream, the Mississippi salut-  
ing;  
Breath of Tortugas, spell of the Everglade,  
breath of Bahamas  
Borne to sea-girt Bermudas, to pine-clad  
Carolinas;  
Kissing the rock-ribbed hills, New England's  
austerity wooing,  
Life imparting, forever rejoicing, the flood  
presses northward

Unto the conflict with night, with cold, with  
ice-floe and iceberg.

Nor ever sailed from Arctic fastness so hostile a  
squadron

But at the touch of this gentle river vanished  
forever

Icy hull and glittering spar, all silently sinking.

As to the rigorous, ice-vexed North the Gulf  
Stream bringeth

Joy of a sunnier zone, to sombre shores glad  
verdure,

So hath a gentle influence flowed from the days  
of John Murray,

Heralding Love's new evangel, the Heavenly  
vision declaring;

Melting pitiless dogma with long antiquity  
hoary;

Giving to Brotherhood wider meaning, Manhood  
exalting.

Man of essence divine, of Love Almighty the  
offspring;

Love, gracious Source of all being, Source and  
Goal of creation;

Love Supreme, sure Sovereign of Sin, of Sorrow,  
of Tumult;  
Light the Lord of the universe, Shadow servant  
of Sunlight!  
Small and feeble the rivulet's birth, of blind eyes  
unnoticed;  
Small indeed flowed the rivulet, fed by the  
tears of Love's Herald;  
Tears of brave souls that saw with rapture the  
heartening vision.

Long the noble procession, and sacred the roll  
of the Fathers,  
Sedulous guarding light that had flickered  
adown the dark ages.  
Braved they undaunted the wrath of man to  
publish good tidings;  
Bowed they to no Pretender, to no irresponsible  
Weakling,  
But (even as through a mist, and perhaps in  
outline only),  
Saw they Almighty Love, the Infinite life-  
giving Father,



Bowed they to One whose sure Hand each sin-  
fullest soul was leading  
Unto a noble heritage, foreordained e'er the  
world was.

*Spirits touched with morning-glow on-coming, seen  
afar,  
Undaunted by the gloom and woe slow fading,  
star by star,  
They sing the Father and His child—ah, none  
the twain may part!  
Nor stealthy foe, nor tempest wild His own tear  
from His heart.*

*They sing of One whose rescuing feet unwearied  
aye shall be,  
Till He behold His flocks complete for Love's high  
destiny.  
They sing the bond which none may break, immut-  
able and strong,  
The birthright naught from man may take—my  
harp, lift up thy song!*

Not from the zenith only, not intermingled with  
storm-cloud,  
Saw they the Light Ineffable filling the uttermost  
heavens,  
Light whose glory in this new era the world is  
rejoicing;  
Light in whose growing effulgence appears a new  
Earth, a new Heaven.  
Hail, ye heroes of Truth, in whose faithful and  
dauntless keeping  
Quenchless the sacred fire should glow till these  
times of refreshing!

Slow grew the stream with years; and now a  
masterful river,  
Pours its beneficent course, on-bringing Time's  
dream in its fulness—  
Warmth of love 'gainst cold legalism, Greek  
thought against Roman.  
Many and precious the fruitful seeds that have  
drifted to far lands,  
Borne on this river's bosom, borne to mankind  
from the sun's realm.

What rare wonders of beauty and fragrance shall  
burst on the future,  
He shall reveal who bade us consider the grace  
of the lily—  
Lord and Brother of every soul, Humanity's  
Flower.

Pour thy floods, mighty River of Life, in majesty  
roll on,  
Melt from our limbs each galling fetter; cast  
down old oppression;  
Sweep proudly on through Love's domain, treasure-laden for all men;  
Warming, transfusing, hope's dream enlarging  
to faith's clearer vision;  
Flow through the storm-vexed ocean, unto the  
uttermost island,  
Yea, till the floods clap their hands, proclaiming  
the joy of the waters!

. . . . .

Ye who have watched with awe the resistless  
tides of the Spirit

Flooding this bourne of hope with Love's  
inexhaustible ocean;  
Sweeping to vast oblivion the fleeing phantoms  
of terror  
Which have enslaved mankind from immemorial  
ages,  
Hiding the Father's face from the blinded eyes  
of His children,  
Take ye heart who gaze on the billows now  
sunward rolling;  
List while I sing how the Spirit moulded the  
heart of John Murray;  
Hear, too, the simple tale of a lowly heart and  
its yearning;  
List while I sing the answer vouchsafed a lone  
watcher for dayspring.





LO, as I mused on the ways of the Spirit, my  
soul was transported  
Back to days of eld, in the flower-wreathed  
island of Erin  
Where, 'mid wealth of sweet verdure, thrush,  
cuckoo, and blackbird are singing;  
Soft airs of summer rejoicing the woodland,  
hillside, and valley.  
Bowered in odorous fruit trees and oaks, an ivy-  
grown mansion  
Dreamed in stately repose of the grace of years  
departed;  
While, hard by, from the moss-walled garden,  
fragrance and bird-song  
Woody with subtle spell the zephyrs that hovered  
around it;  
Breathed a delicious balm on the soul of the  
wayfaring stranger.

As long I mused—of the present unmindful,  
    apart from the turmoil—  
Stood by my knee a lad of ten summers, wistful  
    gazing  
Into my face with eyes of soft azure, in question-  
    ing wonder.  
Quaint was the garb, demure the demeanor and  
    speech of the youngster,  
As 't were an aged man returned to the days  
    of his boyhood.  
Yet in his eye there sparkled a gleam of boyish  
    mischief.

“Tell me, I pray thee, my lad,” quoth I, “of  
    thyself and thy story.  
Why this look of sadness, where all things  
    around us are smiling?”  
Then, scarce I know whether waking or dream-  
    ing, in fragments he uttered  
Yearnings his child-heart was pondering, mingled  
    with premature sorrow.  
And, as the way is in Dreamland, the boy,  
    while his narrative lengthened,

Grew to manhood's estate; and thus the story  
proceeded—

Murmured, half dreaming, half waking, anon  
with himself as 't were musing:

Good sir, I know not what did draw  
Me unto thee, but when I saw  
Thee coming slowly down the way  
I could not help but leave my play  
And go to meet thee, for it seemed  
Thou too hadst dreamed  
Of birds and flowers and sunshine sweet—  
And so I ran my friend to meet;  
But when I saw thy smiling face  
I was sure thou wast no "Object of Grace";  
Because, thou must know, 't is the way with us  
here:

The more religious the more severe.  
Mayhap thy home's in some far-distant land,  
And the ways of our people dost not understand!

My name? John Murray. Father said  
I raised my head,

On being "received" in Church, and when  
The prayers were over, stoutly cried: Amen!  
The priest nigh dropped me on the floor,  
For ne'er had I lisped a word before.  
A lusty babe! With great ado  
Was mirth scarce hushed, from pew to pew.  
I'd been baptized, you know, in haste,  
When ill, lest, dying, I perdition taste.  
Is n't it *terrible* to think  
We're always walking on the brink!

I do so love a boyish prank!—  
A merry laugh, a joyous song—  
Think'st thou not there's something wrong  
When springtide lowers dark and dank?

Often they call me a "frivolous lad,"  
But it seems to me our home's pretty sad  
For a boy that longs to be cheery and glad.  
Over our house broods a cloud of fear,  
As lurked some dreadful danger near;  
Father and Mother and children all  
Tremble because of Adam's fall.



Hast thou not heard that we 're fatally wrecked,  
If our names are not written among "the elect"?

When by my bed I kneel at night  
My heart stands still with a deadly fright,  
And I shrink as from the touch of Death,  
For my cheek is damp with Satan's breath,  
Who, kneeling beside me, in my ear  
Whispers, striking me dumb with fear,  
Terrors that mortal may not hear.

When the wild wind moans,  
Trembling at the groans  
Of the wretched souls God has passed by;  
Utterly spent  
With the sad lament,  
I shudder at the ghostly tread,  
And fall asleep crying  
At thought of dying,  
Hiding my head  
In the depths of the bed.

Oft I wake in the still of night,  
Startled from sleep and chill with fear;

But the moon smiles calm, her soothing light  
Filling the night-watch with delight;  
The stars look down and shame my fright,  
And the soft winds breathe so sweet and pure  
I fall asleep again secure.

Oft from sorrow I steal away,  
In Grandmother's garden yonder to play.

*My grandmother's garden is fair to see,  
With rose and lily and hedge of may;  
Soft-blowing trumpets of coral woodbine  
That murmur strange sea lore to loved eglantine;  
Foxglove, iris, and tulip gay,  
Violet's breath and forget-me-not;  
Bluebells ringing their merry chime,  
Herb and simple, red bergamot,  
Aroma of mint, of rue, of thyme,  
And lilac so sweet! There the droning bee  
Gossips and garners from flower to flower,  
From garden gate to clematis bower,  
While the summer breezes gently rock  
Stately rows of hollyhock.*

*Thither a child-heart's grief I carry ;  
There long hours I dreaming tarry ;  
There love's labor makes me whole ;  
Comfort there flows into my soul.*

*Little flowers, I love you and bring you my  
tears.*

*You have no fears ;  
But it seems to me  
You are as happy as happy can be.  
Your faces fresh with morning dew,  
So sweet, so innocent, so true,  
Look up to the glad sun,  
As if you knew him one  
That you could surely, surely trust ;  
As if he loved you well ; as if you all loved him.  
Each little cup  
That you hold proudly up  
With never a trace of fear,  
He fills e'en to the brim  
With sunlight and with cheer.  
But I, alas, I weep ; how oft I must !  
If some stray tears let fall  
Into your cup their gall,*

*I hope you will forgive—*

*Without your love I 'm sure I could not live!*

I often, often cry,  
When smiles the gentle sky,  
For fear it is my fate  
To be a "reprobate";  
For Father says that I  
May forever, ever die,  
And he never spares the rod,  
Lest I should not love my God,  
Lest I should chance to be a reprobate.

Oh, how I hate, oh, how I hate  
Those dreadful, dreadful words,  
When I long to hear the birds  
And fly to you for cheer!  
You always know my fear,  
Though you so peaceful seem—  
Your life a pleasant dream!

But what could you expect  
Of a boy who's "non-elect"?

I 've only lived ten years,  
But my eyes are wet with tears  
And my heart is filled with fears.

The Sabbath 's a day of dreadful gloom,  
I am shut in my silent room;  
Irksome and long the tedious hours  
In the tight-shuttered house, away from the  
    flowers—  
For you know it's a sin in the garden to  
    walk,  
Or of sunshine or anything joyful to talk.  
Solemn and slow I 'm led to the meeting,  
With never a smile or friendly greeting;  
With eyes fixed straight upon my path,  
Lest I bring down my father's wrath;  
Sermon filled with fierce damnation;  
Fearful strivings for salvation;  
The afternoon 't is all repeated,  
Hard on the wearisome benches seated;  
Evening brings long watchings weary,  
Exhortations harsh and dreary;  
The faults of the day are then revised,  
And I—as example—am well chastised;

And then I 'm often fervently told—  
Ah, how it makes my blood run cold!—  
If I walk in the straight and narrow way,  
*I may spend an eternal Sabbath day!*

I love the gatherings in the street  
Where the singers carol soft and sweet;  
Then it seems as if I too were glad—  
Dear flowers, do you think I 'm very, very  
bad?

In the lovely sky smiles your father, the sun;  
But I am "non-elect," Heavenly Father I have  
none;  
And I dare not "blaspheme" His very holy  
name  
By making so "presumptuous" a claim.

Oh, might I only be a thing of joy—  
A wild bird, flying light and free,  
A swift fish glancing through the sea,  
A hound, a hare, rejoicing to run,  
A flower lightly laughing to the sun—  
Anything else in the world but a "reprobate"  
boy!

The flowers, for answer, breathed their incense  
sweet;

It rose on sunbeams to Love's mercy seat;  
It woke once more within the trembling boy  
The ever-springing fount of childish joy.

. . . . .

So did the shadow of Calvin blight the young  
life of John Murray—

Shadow appalling, terrific, but only a shadow;  
the night-wrack

Borne on a mighty flood of blessing that swept  
o'er the nations.

Ever I loved the songs in the street,  
Swelling in simple cadence pure and sweet,  
As if my joyous garden flowers were singing;  
As if the song of happy birds were ringing:

*"Love is calling, Love is calling,  
Love is calling thee;  
Love is calling, Love is calling:  
'Sinner, come to me!'"*

*"Love is calling, Love is calling,  
Do not turn away:  
Love is calling, Love is calling:  
'Come while it is day!'*

*"Love is calling, Love is calling,  
Harden not thy heart;  
Love is calling, Love is calling:  
'Now choose the better part!'"*

There in the midst the form of Wesley rose;  
A prophet of the people, touched with fire,  
Who could the coldest heart with zeal inspire;  
Whose might could multitudes around him draw,  
And by the magic of his spirit thaw  
To love the scorn and hatred of his foes,  
Knitting all souls with bonds of sweet accord,  
Thrilled by the presence of the Living Lord.

*"Come, sinner, come and learn to pray,  
Come, learn to pray, come, learn to pray!  
Within the fold there's rest for thee,  
For long hast thou fared the way,  
Foot-sore and spent with misery.*



*“ Within the fold shalt thou find peace,  
Thou shalt find peace, thou shalt find peace;  
Thy weariness shall find repose,  
The Shepherd give thy toil release,  
And pour His balm upon thy woes.*

*“ Within the fold there is room for all,  
There 's room for all, there 's room for all;  
Come while the door is open wide!  
For thee I hear the Shepherd call—  
'O haste thee, sinner, to His side! ”*

Where surged the crowds there sang the singers  
sweet,

Inviting all in the Redeemer's name:  
The young, the old, the strong, the halt, the lame,  
The haughty peer, the woman bowed with  
shame.

I saw the hardened sinner trembling come,  
The bold blasphemer, tearful, stricken dumb;  
The heedless throng arrested in the street,  
Swayed by the preacher, fell at Jesus' feet.

We children felt the lifting of the gloom;  
In songs of joy forgot impending doom;

Hope, seeking all, descended from the Cross,  
And silenced threatenings of predestined loss.  
Swift ran the tidings through the country-side;  
The people flocked to hear from far and wide;  
Rejoicing carols rose along the way,  
And wider grew the excitement day by day;  
The Lord no more as Sovereign sat apart,  
But walked with men at home and in the mart.

. . . . .

My father, erst so stern, did follow Wesley,  
Who called him saint, but for his Calvinism,  
Which he called damnable. Me too he loved—  
This mighty leader—and my heart took fire.  
A man imperious of command was he,  
Whose followers loved and feared him as a god.  
Unwearied in the saddle, far and near,  
Rode he through all the kingdom, marshalling  
The newly wakened hosts to follow him.  
A husbandman he sowed beside all waters,  
Sedulous casting precious grain afar,  
Where now, full-eared, the whitening fields bow  
low:  
Lord of the Harvest, see, an hundred-fold  
Unto Thy garner now the seed returns!

My young heart, which had been long time  
distraught,  
Lest I were doomed to be a reprobate,  
Yielded to song of those melodious bands  
That unto Ireland's soul had brought glad up-  
lift,  
Grasped at the invitation and did find  
Assurance of acceptance. Loud then sang  
My heart for joy; for me the palms of peace  
Waved fronds of welcome.

Then the great man chose  
Me, still of tender years, grown strong in grace,  
Making me leader of a class of youths  
Two-score in number, boy-companions all,  
Whose hearts I soon enkindled with my zeal,  
Whose lives I drew about me. Ere the sun  
Had waked the dawn, and at his journey's close,  
Our souls held converse sweet from day to day,  
Vocal with song and prayer and admonition,  
Till all felt well assured that they were rescued  
From the impending doom that shadowed all.  
I was entranced with draughts of Love Divine,  
Where I was early taught to look for vengeance.

Visions of Love inviting all mankind,  
Vague but majestic, ravished my young soul.  
The morning cloud of terror backward rolled.

But, oh, the weakness of the human heart!  
Where fear had dwelt grew now rank self-complaisance.

Love had me chosen; what was it to me  
That others might not to my joy attain?  
I was beloved, my love was fully answered;  
Does the fond lover vex his ravished soul  
Because, forsooth, his joy all may not share!

Wearied at length by this high exaltation,  
Reaction cooled my boyish followers,  
Bringing dissension in its train. My soul,  
With joy and disappointment overwrought,  
Plunged heavily down the glooms into black night.

This did but add unto my sanctity;  
I was the more admired—a rising light!  
Did not one tell me he would liever dwell  
With thousand demons than ten laughing men?  
Did not the Wesleyans say 't was damnable  
Error to claim election before faith

Had wrought its work, yet, where such evident  
 Favor divine shone as adorned my life,  
 There could no doubt remain of my election?  
 So 'twixt Arminian and Calvinist  
 On the full tide of favor was I borne  
 Into the Kingdom, lauded and caressed!

But in my heart a sickening doubt had risen  
 As to the *very day* of my new birth—  
 So, for my years too curious, did I pry  
 Into the deep recesses of my spirit,  
 Warped by the ceaseless warfare of the preachers.  
 Was 't marvellous that pride should grow apace  
 In me, the darling of both warring factions!

. . . . .

Suddenly came a summons to appear,  
 By the command of our most reverend bishop,  
 Before the parish priest, there to prepare  
 For confirmation, ere his Lordship come.  
 A man of earthly vision was our rector,  
 Drawn by the loaves and fishes. His small soul  
 Detested this new fervor in the air  
 And, as he warned us not to be entrapped  
 By the fantastic ravings of the wild

Enthusiasts who filled the land with clamor—  
“Presumptuous! Adding unto things appointed;  
Insulting Heaven with sacrilegious songs!”—  
Anent the operation of the Spirit  
Brooding upon the soul, he bade us know  
That by our baptism we were members made  
Of Christ, and of the Heavenly Kingdom heirs.  
Humbly I asked: “And did I, Sir, receive  
In baptism all of the advantages?”

Frowning he answered: “Yea, undoubtedly.”  
“Then, Sir, what lack I more, and why prepare  
For confirmation?” “Hush, impertinence!”  
He cried in anger. “Sir, I do but ask  
For information, I would be instructed.”  
“Nay, but for insolence thou comest; thou  
Wouldst see thy patron Wesley in my pulpit!  
Thou hast no business here; I warn thee hence!”  
“Sir, I conceive that I *have* business here,  
By order of my bishop. When we last  
Did meet thou saidst it were not possible  
To *feel* the workings of the Holy Spirit;  
Yet, Sir, the Church's Articles do speak  
Of Special comfort to all godly men

Who in themselves do *feel* the Spirit's workings."  
 "Thou art not with these Articles concerned,  
 And if thou cease not thine impertinence,  
 I shall command the clerk to put thee hence!"  
 "Command me, Sir," I said, "and I will go."

Naught said he more until again we met.  
 Then poured he forth his wrath upon my head  
 In biting sarcasm. I was sore abashed.  
 In deep confusion in my hat I hid  
 My face suffused with shame. Wrathful he  
 then

Bade me depart, for none might desecrate  
 That holy fane with laughter. I withdrew  
 In dire confusion. But as he came out  
 I humbly begged for pardon; he had done  
 Me wrong; too deeply did I venerate  
 The time and place for mirth, but I was grieved  
 That he denied the Spirit's present power.  
 "Didst thou not say, when thou, Sir, wast  
 ordained,  
 That thou didst *feel* the moving of the Spirit,  
 Drawing thee to the teacher's sacred office?"  
 "Silence, insufferable ignorance!"

Of these things know'st thou naught!" They  
that stood by  
Smiled at my triumph, as the priest strode forth.

. . . . .  
As I was passing on the street one said:  
Dost thou not know his Lordship's at the  
church,  
This very moment laying on his hands?  
Instantly I ran thither with all haste,  
Vexed that my priest had thought to pass me  
by.

I entered, and a hush fell on my soul.  
Haloed with dim light mystical that streamed  
Through glowing windows soft with rainbow-  
dreams—

Angels, triumphant and enraptured saint,  
Limned all-glorious as the gates of morn—  
Sat the good bishop on his oaken throne  
Hard by the altar, vested in flowing robes.  
Upon his right, with crozier rich in gold,  
His chaplain stood; upon his left my priest.

Softly advancing to the chancel knelt I  
At end of the circling class of candidates.



Stooping, the priest unto his Lordship spake  
In whispered tones. The bishop answered low:  
“’T is of no moment, if they understand.”

Dark glowered the priest, for he would fain  
exclude

The followers of Wesley. Sternly then  
Questioned the prelate, as he turned to me.

“What business hast thou here?” “My Lord,”  
said I,

“My sponsors at my baptism did renounce  
The Devil and his works and all the pomp,  
The vanity and lusts of sinful flesh;  
Promising to prepare me for this day,  
And for thy blessing to present me here.  
These failing to make good their promises,  
I, by your Lordship’s leave, present myself.”  
“Know’st thou the meaning of this ordi-  
nance?”

“I do conceive, my Lord, the promises  
Made by my sponsors cannot be fulfilled  
Save by the operation of the Spirit,  
Moving my heart to seek this means of Grace.”

“Hast thou partaken of the Eucharist?”

“Yea, my Lord, trembling first, but did receive,

Communing oft, such consolation vast  
That never have I since absented me."

Softening his voice, the agèd bishop said:  
"Son, thou art right," and, laying on his hands,  
Gave me his blessing, while I knelt before  
him.

Then with a glance he smote the unfaithful  
priest,  
Covering him with confusion. All my friends  
Rejoiced; among them my proud father. Soft,  
Rose in clear, solemn tones, as sang the choir:  
*Veni Creator Spiritus.*

. . . . .  
Wheel within wheel, Chapel and Church. By  
wayside and hamlet  
Sounded the voice, the spontaneous outburst of  
heart-felt devotion,  
Rending the rigid bonds of liturgy, longing for  
new life.

So from the root darkly dormant, the joyous  
sapling uprises

Till, from the parent-root parting, it towers a  
lord of the forest.

Well may the Anglican mourn the blindness that  
cast out the singers!

As from all flowers, the poison rejecting, the bee  
garners honey,

Murray in Calvin found love unconditioned,  
love for the Chosen,

But for the Many darkness and terror, hopeless,  
eternal.

Wider love found he in Wesley, hope-laden the  
free invitation

Unto the multitude, waking with longing of  
hunger unsated;

And his young spirit made eager response to  
the joy of the singers.

Beauty the Church offered; and his soul seized  
it, of beauty enamoured,

Beauty of tint and form, of tone; yet apples of  
Sodom

But for the grace of souls like the bishop—rare  
souls of pure vision.

My father dead, my widowed mother poor,  
Our powerful neighbor haled me to the court,  
As witness in the suit that he would bring  
Against the tenant of our ancestral home.  
For he whose fraud had got him the estate  
Would use me as his tool. When called, I rose  
And with full circumstance unto the Court  
Unfolded the dark tale. Then, hot with scorn,  
Pointing defiance at the villain, cried:  
“Justice, my Lord! for justice at your hands  
I fain would plead. The plaintiff in this case  
Should be defendant made. Unto this land,  
These various estates which he doth hold,  
He hath no proper title. Spurious deeds,  
As I have shown, do bar my widowed mother,  
Her and her children from their heritage.  
Him who hath called me as his witness I  
Denounce unto your Honor as usurper!  
Justice, my Lord! I ask that these estates  
Revert again unto my family,  
Restoring us to former opulence.”

So did I plead, when but a callow youth,  
Against the tyrant of the country-side.

Then yielding to my eloquence the Court  
Decreed me justice, and my cause prevailed,  
To me and to my kin our lands restoring.

. . . . .

Vaster injustice in years to follow that voice  
was denouncing;  
Fearless defying the man-made fetters of  
ghostly oppression;  
Birthright divine for all men claiming, dead  
spirits awakening.  
Wide, ever wider, lo, human brotherhood reigns  
now triumphant,  
Where of that voice long echoes, far-wafted,  
empires are shaking!

. . . . .

Soon we were dwelling in our new abode,  
In the ancient halls reclining, drinking joy  
Of fair ancestral gardens—life ran smooth.  
Fast grew our circle; many the friendly feet  
That crossed our threshold; groaned the  
generous board.  
Soon hospitality and public weal

Led us away from thought for our affairs,  
Narrowing our resources.

Among all  
Our neighbors loved we best an aged man  
Whose sons Death's hand had snatched;  
    one was my friend  
Whom I had dearly loved. This sonless  
    man,  
Of large wealth master, set his love on me,  
And would that I might be his foster-son,  
To comfort his last years, to give him aid  
In his affairs. He and his gray-haired wife  
Did urge my mother, saying I should be  
A brother to his daughters. For my sake  
His plea prevailed, and I became a son  
Unto his house, whose love did welcome me,  
Knitting our households twain in closer  
    bonds.

Bright shone those halcyon days, the weeks,  
    the months,  
Whose blessing rested lightly on my head,  
Until 't was noised abroad I should be made  
The adopted son of all his opulence.

Then flickered Hatred's envious tongue at  
me—

For the old man had passed his kindred by.

My foster-parents bade me give no ear  
To calumny, but with them bide in peace,  
Nor ever stray from their encircling love:  
"Stay with us, boy," my foster-father cried,  
"The evenings lag when thou art gone  
abroad.

Thou art our stay and comfort, and thy  
voice

Gladdens our mournful hearts, grieving for  
him

Whom Death has claimed. Nay, leave us  
not, my son!

Thy mother grieveth with me and thy  
sisters,

Whene'er we miss thee from the fireside  
glow,

For we would have thee read to us, would  
hear

Thy loved voice lead us in discourse and  
prayer."

Yet irksome waxed the days, to duty  
pledged.

I longed to meet my classmates of old time  
In pious gatherings, gladsome with sweet  
song.

But whenso from the home I absented me,  
A pall of gloom fell on the hearthstone's  
glow.

Being once invited by a guest of the house—  
A minister, new-frocked, a man of parts—  
I took my journey with him; I would hear  
Him speak. We entered where a multitude  
Waited a preacher. Arm in arm we went  
Into the pulpit. Suddenly he turned  
Me toward the congregation—and with-  
drew!

I was ensnared; retreat was none. Then,  
lo!

My mouth was opened; I began to preach.

I was delighted. Oh the new-found joy,  
Out-pouring my freed soul upon the sea  
Of faces up-turned, hanging on my word!



I was a new-fledged bird whose wings,  
untried,  
Had, unexpected, borne him on the air!

Keen grew my appetite. On my return,  
Whereso I went I spake unto the people;  
A new-found hero of the neighborhood.  
Came local fame to me, and household  
sorrow.

For my young heart did crave a larger  
field,  
And ever in mine ears whispered the  
voice  
Of the great world of London. All in  
vain

Did he who called me son beg me to stay;  
With many tears my foster-mother plead,  
And she who called me brother—with white  
face.

But my heart answered Nay, while flowed  
our tears.

I did relent again and once again,  
But the voice drove me sore, and would be  
heard.

One night when I returned late from a  
meeting

Hushed was the house; all were enwrapped  
in sleep,

Save only Anna—she would speak with me.  
Her father's ire was kindled; he liked not  
My frequent absence, which mine enemies  
Distorted with insinuations vile.

“O, Brother John, how hateful is the  
thought

That thou couldst harbor aught of ill intent,  
Which in their hate thy foes would fasten  
on thee;

For these relentless harpies, of my kin,  
Still hover, bent on mischief, round thy  
path,

Seeking thy hurt, and I am sore distressed!  
Father and Mother are disconsolate;  
When thou art absent little Prue doth pout.  
Well know I how thy bird-like spirit chafes  
Within the narrow confines of thy cage,  
Eager for wider fields and loftier skies,  
And with vague fear my soul doth follow  
thee.

Her pleading sister-love so touched my  
heart,

That I, repenting my neglect with tears,  
Pressed to my lips her hand, in gratitude.

“*So, sir!*” exclaimed a voice of wrath and  
scorn,

And, lo, her father in the shadowy door!  
Advancing slow he took her hand from  
mine

All trembling now, and, silent, led her  
forth.

O'erwhelmed I sat, stark staring after them.

Her sad face smote me—sad as beautiful.

True as the light was she, pure as the  
dew;

Gentle her voice, and soft her melting eyes,

Yet loved I her as sister only, wed

Unto religion, passion stirred me not.

How could I hurt her so whose love would  
shield me?

Yet how had my indiscretion murdered  
peace!

That night I slept not. The next morn  
appeared

My foster-mother in dismay. What ill  
Had so distraught her husband and her  
child;

Could I confess? Then I recounted all,  
Saying that I must hence, lest worse  
bechance.

With deep emotion she, throwing her arms  
About me, plead with me to stay, nor fear  
Her husband's anger; bade me give no heed  
To the world's call, but stay with them in  
peace.

So I, relenting, yielded to her plea,  
The while the voice, insistent, bade me go.  
Yet naught availed it, for anon I grew  
More restless in my fetters; jealousy  
Pursuing still my path, demanded all.  
Clearer the voice insisted, day by day.

I was distracted; I would burst all bonds,  
As ocean's tide sweeps all before its flood—  
Not my own mother, hanging on my neck,

Pleading that I would not forsake her now;  
That I might help her bear the burdens  
God

Had placed upon her shoulders; help her rear  
My brothers and my sisters, saying her  
hopes

Were shattered, for methought she fain  
would call

My foster-sister daughter—then I wept  
With her, relenting—but anon more clear  
The voice inexorable bade me follow;  
Not baby brother, clinging to my knee,  
While broke my heart; not little Prue, all  
tears,

Come to my chamber to make moan that I  
Leave not my playmate, saying Anna sat  
Sad-eyed and aimless, or paced to and fro,  
Wringing her hands, bedewed with silent  
tears;

Nor foster-father's taunt, that I had not  
Wherewith to travel, naught to face the  
world—

Pouring, contemptuous, vast weight of gold  
Into my hat, outstretched at his command,—

Naught stifled in my ears the inexorable  
voice.

Then, dazed, I to my mother bore the gold;  
But she refused it utterly, bade use  
It for my need. With breaking heart she  
gave

Her blessing, when she saw I could not  
stay:

"Not in himself is the way of man, my  
child!

If thou must go, Belovèd, my firstborn,  
I bow. May God, thy father's God, keep  
thee

From every evil, and thy footsteps guide  
To larger service for His holy name!"

Then her dear arms did clasp me to her  
breast—

That faithful bosom which erst nourished  
me—

Ceasing, she left me there, all tears, grief-  
stricken.

Then the voice drave me forth, and I in  
haste

Fled through the flowers of the garden gate.  
All things invited me, but I passed on;  
Dear hearts entreated me, but I passed on,  
Dragging my limbs reluctant to the height.

I know not what strong power doth drive  
me forth,  
But go I must! Into the unknown world  
I fare in tears. Am I forth driven by Fate,  
Like him of old who fled from Ilium—  
From love and luxury of Carthage torn—  
Driven by the gods to found imperial Rome!  
Wherefore, whereunto am I driven thus?  
Wills Heaven, perchance, that I extend  
Love's empire?

Saith not the Scripture truly: "In him-  
self  
Is not the way of man?" Insufferable  
Longer this strong-compelling restlessness.  
Driven forth from blessedness of Paradise,  
Like to the father of mankind I flee!  
Doth God, perchance, me lead, as He of  
old

Led him of Ur, who sought a better country,  
Who took his journey thence, not knowing  
whither?

Across the vale, from the hill's crest I  
gazed:

Farewell, loved home whose tears for me  
are flowing!

Farewell, companions of my prayers and  
praise!

Farewell, ye gardens fragrant in the sun,  
I tear my heart from all in my despair;  
One look; 'tis past, and I am gone forever!

Sore agitated pressed I on, nor looked  
What lay behind, till bells of Shandon's  
tower

Rang out far chimes o'er the Great March  
of Munster

Where Corroch, throned upon her island  
fair,

Crowned with her coronet of circling hills,  
Saluted me along the banks of Lee,



Heartening my steps. Kindred I found  
here dwelling,  
Who gave warm welcome to their hearts  
and home.  
These, learning soon my purpose, cooled  
their love,  
Looking upon me as adventurer.

Drawn to the Methodists, my spirit spread  
Her wings again in the pulpit, upward  
soaring  
'Mid things divine. The people welcomed  
me.  
When I descended; glowing with my theme,  
Advanced my grandam, who so late re-  
proached,  
Her blessing to bestow, her eyes alight,  
With fire prophetic burning: "Son, go  
forth;  
The Lord Omnipotent will show thy way!  
Thou art ordained from darkness unto light  
Many to lead, from Satan unto God.  
Thy father's God will bless and prosper  
thee.

Look no more back, but forward go in  
faith!

Most holy, wise, and powerful, the Lord  
Doth govern all His creatures and their  
actions.

Yea, in His mighty hand thou art as  
clay;

He is thy Potter; He of thee will make  
A chosen vessel; none may Him withstand.  
I did thee wrong; my blessing now re-  
ceive!"

As water to the thirsty soul, as balm  
To one sore wounded fell her words of  
love.

But soon suspicion woke new enemies  
Who called me Calvinist, and such I was;  
Such many more about me who received  
With joy that mighty preacher, Whitefield,  
who

Drew me unto him, fascinating me  
With his soul-stirring eloquence. In twain  
The Methodists were rent by the Calvinist.

While yet I lingered was I importuned  
To abandon thought of England; would I go  
To Limerick, to a waiting congregation?  
But the voice demanded that I tarry not!

So I took ship, and with wet eyes beheld  
Hibernia fade, as the winds wafted us  
Through the fair harbor's beauty, past the  
fortress

Frowning above the shores of Hawlbowlne,  
Commanded by my father's kin; and the  
sea

Opened wide arms of welcome as we sped.  
Adieu, fair isle, with verdant hill and vale  
Adorned, fragrant with bloom, home of  
warm hearts,

I shall not see thee more, a long farewell!

. . . . .  
The magic of the sea; the rapture keen  
At sight of England; joy of the Bristol  
landing;

The transport of delight at nature's beauty;  
The blithesome voice of bird-song, tuneful  
hedge

And flower-enamelled meadow—Paradise—  
Me welcoming unto my native land;  
The walk to Bath from Bristol; fields of  
corn;

The valleys redolent of new-mown hay;  
The mowers on the banks of Avon, who,  
Hearing me offer praise to nature's God,  
Hailed me as friend and fellow Methodist,  
Led me rejoicing to their cottage, summoned  
The neighbors of the countryside to greet  
Me with warm welcome, and to hear my  
word;

(They dwelt on Avon, yet knew not Shake-  
spere's name!)

The simple hospitality, fraternal love;  
The meeting with my father's friend in  
Bath,

Who caught me in his arms and gazed on me  
Son of his youth's companion, bidding me  
preach

From my full heart unto his congregation;  
The unexpected spring of fellowship,  
Bursting upon my path, friends newly  
found;

The beauty of the way, as once again  
The coach pressed fast toward London; the  
solemn glow  
Of sunset o'er the world's metropolis,  
Whose nearing spires, whose multitudinous  
roofs  
Half-hidden lay in the murky air; the  
voice  
Of human life innumerable afar—  
Smote me with wonder and with exaltation:

Here taking form my dreams of youth I  
saw;  
Saw ancient Westminster and Charing Cross  
And Strand; passed Drury Lane; saw the  
vast dome  
Of Wren's proud masterpiece loom on the  
night;  
Gazed on the storied Tower; on misty  
Thames,  
Over whose darkling tide the home-bound  
throng  
Roared upon London Bridge! The myriad  
lights

Gleamed out bewildering, pushing back the  
gloom  
As loud the stage-coach lumbered to the inn.

Alone and friendless in the mighty town,  
My hungry eyes feasted upon the wonders  
Man through the centuries had slowly  
wrought;  
Feasted and drank deep draughts until the  
night  
Drove me within, tears flowing, heart  
oppressed.

Old friends of my father's sought I; few  
remained.  
I sought great Whitefield; he was other-  
where.  
The Wesleyans found me, but they looked  
askance  
When I my love for Whitefield had con-  
fessed  
(I heard him in the Tabernacle oft);  
For said not the great Wesley once to me:  
"No follower of Calvin lives who hears not

Within his inmost soul a whisper low:  
'May I not live as listeth me? What boots  
it?'"

Fast flew the days, and fast the attentions  
showered

By those 't were mercy I had never known,  
The votaries of pleasure, far and near,  
Sought and assiduously courted me,  
Scenting my gold. Day by day I made  
New friends, good company indeed was  
deemed—

*Yes, I would see the world,* but would hold  
fast

My heritage of good and my religion!

I was intoxicated, drunk with pleasure!  
And one by one my friends invited me  
Into the circles of their fellowship.  
London, the sorceress had me in her toils.  
Spell-bound I yielded. I, by her charms  
entranced,  
Whirled in the giddy current, lived for  
pleasure,

And, as the swirling vortex drew me in,  
Forgot the past, the life of prayer and praise,  
All the loved company of those that hung  
Upon my words of exhortation. All  
Things of the Spirit vanished like a dream!

*“Comrades of mirth, let us fill high the bowl,  
Fill high the bowl,  
Fill high the bowl;  
Jolly good fellows are we!  
Together we'll drink, and the song lightly troll,  
Song lightly troll,  
Song lightly troll;  
Jolly good fellows are we!  
Jolly good fellows, o'erbrimming with fun,  
Jolly good fellows are we!*

*“To music's light strain tread the mazes of dance,  
Mazes of dance,  
Mazes of dance;  
Jolly good fellows are we!  
Enchanting the measure, bewitching the glance,  
'Witching the glance,  
'Witching the glance;*



*Jolly good fellows are we!  
Jolly good fellows, o'erbrimming with fun,  
Jolly good fellows are we!*

*"Begone the dull round, then, of wearisome care,  
Wearisome care,  
Wearisome care;  
Jolly good fellows are we!  
Of life's flowing pleasures we'll drink our full share,  
Drink our full share,  
Drink our full share;  
Jolly good fellows are we!  
Jolly good fellows, o'erbrimming with fun,  
Jolly good fellows are we!"*

I was astonished! I so lately loved,  
Admired, followed, revered in the church,  
Now a gay reveller! but I brushed aside  
The pleas of conscience, and the dance  
went on.

Under the table oft I tossed the wine,  
Lest I should lose myself in the circling  
eddies

That drew me nearer, nearer the abyss.

Held by some Power Divine, I did not sink  
Into the pitfall where Vice for my soul  
Lay ambushed, masked in gardens of  
delight.

Folly's poor slave, scarce snatched from  
sure perdition,  
Convivial parties, Vauxhall, and the play  
Opened a world unknown to me before.

In dreams I saw my father's face aghast,  
And my dear mother's gentle eyes in tears.  
My conscience smote me sore, but I was  
dazed;

*This, this was life indeed!* I would return  
Anon to duty's path and to the fold—  
But Folly beckoned, and I followed her;  
Then of a sudden found I was submerged  
In debt upon the right hand and the left,  
And, penniless, I woke from the wild dream!

Startled, I sat me 'neath a tree's deep shade;  
Flung my last farthing to a mendicant,  
And bowed myself beneath a load of shame.  
The vast solemnity of London; concourse

Of myriad souls, surging in life's vain quest;  
The spell of eventide; the deep-toned chime;  
The bells of Bow Church, summoning to  
    prayer,  
Its dragon glinted in the setting sun,  
Shot through my soul a pang of con-  
    sternation!

*"Come, sinner, come, arise and come!*

*'T is not too late!*

*'T is not too late!*

*For thee my tongue shall ne'er be dumb;*

*I call and wait!*

*I call and wait!*

*"I call and wait!*

*I call and wait!*

*Bethink thee of thy precious soul!*

*Come, come, and Christ shall make thee whole!*

*'T is not too late!*

*'T is not too late!"*

An outcast and a prodigal, I thought  
Of my good father's counsels and his  
    prayers;

Bethought me of my Saviour and my God;  
Rose as the darkness fell, hungry, forlorn,  
And took my way unto the Tabernacle.

There the great Whitefield wrestled for my  
soul.

I all abashed and contrite, crushed by sin,  
Lay prone until his fire-swept spirit made  
Contact with my dead self, as did the  
prophet

Who lay out-stretched upon the widow's  
son

And brought him back to life. "If there,  
perchance,"

He cried, "be here some wanderer, sin-  
crushed

And fearful of his God, let him arise  
And go unto his Father, and find peace!"

Then like a mighty wind the Spirit swept  
My soul of chaff, and I was free! In tears  
I humbly sought my place in the old life,  
Found welcome; took up, one by one, the  
threads

Long ravelled. Toilsome and slow my  
debts were paid

And I gave thanks that God had chosen me  
For blessing here, with bliss eternal after,  
The while so many, many He passed by.

Such is His sovereign will and pleasure. He  
Doth mercy have on whom He will have  
mercy,

And whom He will He hardeneth.

. . . . .

Swift fled

The days in toil, evenings in converse sweet  
With those whom love of God had blessed.

New zeal

Filled all my thoughts and buried the dead  
past.

A precious year was squandered, but I went  
No more upon the perilous incline

That leads straight down to death, but  
soon I turned

And tearful sought forgiveness and found  
life,

Eager the brethren flocked to hear my word,

More vital grown with my new consecration.  
So widely sought, my heart swelled large  
with pride.

. . . . .

Hushed was the assembly; I the favorite  
Lay preacher was expected. All arose  
To greet my coming. With my friend I sat  
Amid the audience. My heart was full  
Of lofty things I would show forth. At  
home

With Churchman and Dissenter, scarce I  
knew

To which I most belonged, welcomed by all.  
Mindful of Whitefield's admonition, I  
Ignoring non-essentials, sought to find  
A fundamental bond uniting all.  
Eager to move the people, I would speak  
This night to Baptists.

Soon my wandering eye  
Caught the fair vision of a wondrous face.  
I was disturbed, I moved my seat, but still  
My fascinated eyes must seek again  
Her loveliness. "Who" I asked my friend

(Long had I known and loved him at the meetings),

“Is the fair damsel of the lily gown?”

“It is my sister, and she hath desired  
To hear and meet thee. At the meeting’s  
close

Let me make each unto the other known.”

I made assent with some indifference,  
My thoughts being filled with consecrated  
things.

I rose; I spoke and prayed with burning  
words;

All hearts were softened, by the Spirit  
moved.

He introduced us. Ah, my fickle heart!  
What aileth thee? But yesterday wast cold;  
Wouldst live austere; wouldst die a celibate  
For God. Now art thou swept from thy  
strong moorings,

Lost in the rush of waters! I went home  
Confounded. Could then women’s loveliness  
So fill me with vague fears, with trembling  
hope?

Again we met, invited by a friend,  
And all too soon the wingèd hours fled.  
Her smile—ah, 't was the glowing of the  
    dawn,  
Before whose joy the shadows flee away!  
About her flowed an atmosphere of love;  
Radiant with goodness, warm with sym-  
    pathy  
For nature's children and for humankind.  
Her spirit, kin to all things beautiful,  
Congenial to all truth, did lightly soar  
On joyous wing along the upper air,  
Seeing intuitive the things of God,  
The while I delved laborious and slow.

Suddenly my soul did fly to her  
With arms out-stretched in rapture, as to  
    one  
Whom I had loved in long-forgotten worlds  
And lost erewhile in darkling mists of earth,  
Fast melting now before the rising day.  
My pride was humbled. I who thought to  
    lead  
Was cast sheer down from my high pinnacle



At the first utterance of her pure soul!

"Will you be at the meeting a week hence?"

"I hope to come." Alas, how slow the  
days!

How dread the fear her hand perchance  
was promised!

I prayed, I struggled, I was mad with love!

The evening came and vanished like a  
dream.

For when she spoke it was as if the lyre  
With Orpheus' touch divine did breathe  
again.

And when she laughed it was as in her voice  
The springtide rivulets were murmuring.

Lustrous as cresset planets her soft eyes.

Her glowing locks with rippling sunbeams  
shone.

That night we walked together to her home.

Then melted unawares the earth away

From underneath my feet; I trod on air!

Her step, gliding like some sweet melody,

Or blush-rose petal on a summer stream,

Held by my side along the happy way.  
I wondered that the passers did not hear  
The loud, tempestuous beating of my heart!  
And when she laid her hand within my  
arm,  
Through all my being flowed a rapturous  
thrill,  
As when Aurora touches stony Memnon,  
And the cold, silent lips break into song!

I could not longer wait, but told my love  
With all the ardor of my fervent soul.  
Then modestly did she at length confess  
That she was free, but earnestly protested  
That I should seek one worthier my love.  
Then the wild torrent of impetuous youth  
Poured my hot soul once more into my plea.

Her answer lifted me clean off the earth  
Into her own celestial atmosphere;  
Nor shall eternity her tones forget—  
As if the distant, sweet-voiced silver bells  
Of some far, hallowed cloister called to  
prayer:

“I have no father on the earth to give

My hand in marriage, therefore I will ask  
My Heavenly Father's will, and do thou  
likewise.

Whatso His Sovereign Wisdom shall decree  
Will I accept, unto His will resigned."

Too soon, too soon we reached her grand-  
sire's door—

A man of wealth, a profligate, a churl—  
Whose threshold Whitefield's follower ne'er  
might cross.

How cruel and how irksome dragged the  
week,

The while I prayed as never I prayed before!  
And when we met again I told my love,  
And how with week-long wrestling I had  
plead:

"I prayed as man had never prayed before;  
Besought that Heaven would lead me  
graciously;

And as I knelt thy face shone everywhere  
Before mine eyes; yea, even the mercy  
seat

Did it obscure with a new glory streaming  
From thy dear form and filling all the  
    heavens.

I could not keep my wandering thoughts  
    on God,

For very love of thee, so was I led.

And as my soul did thread its eager way  
Along the parting ranks of bright immortals,  
Prostrate to fall before the mercy seat,  
Begging the Omnipotent to give me thee,  
Behold! each angel's face grew more like  
    thine;

More radiant shone the innumerable throng,  
Until the throne was haloed with thy  
    beauty—

And so my prayers were answered, my  
    Eliza!"

Then made she answer, and her voice did  
    breathe

Like the sweet chiming of far wedding bells,  
And her eyes glowed as the soft virgin light  
Of the young crescent when in balmy June  
The twilight air is redolent of bloom:

"I prayed, and as I prayed I saw a way  
Embowered in roses, and 't was passing fair,  
As 't were a path leading through Paradise;  
And therein, hand in hand, a youth and  
maiden.

The way led through a region of delight;  
The air delicious, vocal with sweet song.  
Inseparable walked they till they came  
Where 'neath the sunlight loomed an ebon  
cloud,

Threatening and vast. Beneath it crept  
the way,

And further of the twain I naught could  
see.

Beyond the gloom there glowed a golden  
light,

And I beheld the maid go forth alone.

Alone she passed through fields of asphodel,  
Till she in light ineffable was lost.

I know not what the shadow may portend;  
I know not why the maid went forth alone,  
But, hand in hand, they walked in Para-  
dise—

John, my belovèd, I will go with thee!

Whether our pathway lead through Para-  
dise,  
Or through the shadow of that fearsome  
cloud,  
Thou hast my heart, my hand I lay in  
thine!"

So plighted we our troth before High  
Heaven,  
The moon a witness and the seal a kiss—  
A kiss ecstatic as immortal bliss!

. . . . .  
"Give up this hypocrite, this fortune hunter,  
Or not a farthing of my wealth shalt thou  
Inherit. Round his name foul rumors cling  
Like noisome serpents. Prithee, read this  
letter!"

Thus spake Eliza's grandsire. In her hand  
She took the sheet, writ by her younger  
brother,  
Brimming with slander poured upon my  
head.  
With crimson cheek she read, then gently  
spake:

"O venerable sire, I do entreat  
Thy patience, and I pray that thou wilt see  
And speak with this most worthy man  
before

Thou givest ear to this invidious tale,  
Which, me beseems, is writ thy mind to  
poison.

John Murray is an honest man, and loves  
Me with a love as pure, as strong as man  
E'er gave to woman, and my heart is his.  
The coming years shall know and prove this  
man

A chosen vessel, favored of the Lord,  
To bear the precious incense of His truth  
Afar. He is a man of lofty soul  
And true. Whate'er his lot, it shall be  
mine.

Could I believe aught else of him I would  
Obey thy wish. E'en now I fain would  
wait

Upon thine age and serve thine every need;  
For many a year thy roof hath sheltered  
me.

I pray thee patience!"

Here the old man, flushed  
With anger, cried: "This will not do!  
Abide  
Thou in thy room, and three days hence do  
thou  
Give me thy final answer, for I swear  
If thou discard him not, I leave thee naught,  
Nay, not one farthing. There be worthier  
youths  
Who fain would win thee!"—and he left the  
room.

Three days of agony were hers and mine;  
For she had written by a faithful hand  
To tell me of her trial. The third day  
He summoned her and sternly once again  
Bade her between his fortune and my  
love  
Make choice. Then strong in love un-  
daunted, she  
Declared her joy that she might prove me  
true.  
"My love," she cried, "may not be bought  
or sold;



Nor have I wavered; nay, not all thy  
wealth  
Shall count a feather's weight! Sir, I  
renounce  
Thy fortune for his love! Thou hast mine  
answer."

Darkening with passion, his last will he  
clutched  
And cast it to the flames; and so was lost  
For love her patrimony; and the churl  
Anon bequeathed by a new instrument  
A thousand pounds unto the crafty scribe  
Who had intrigued mine honor to defame.

*"Truelove, for thee I pine,  
My heart, my life is thine;  
I scorn his gold!*

*"What 's all his wealth to me,  
Parted from thee?  
Raiment of silken sheen,  
Jewels to crown a queen  
Were but as dross to me,  
Parted from thee!*

*"Truelove, thou art so dear  
Naught, naught my heart should fear,  
Were I with thee!*

*Proud were I at thy side,  
Scorning the scorner's pride—  
In poverty!*

*"What be these lands to me,  
Parted from thee?  
Scorn I his deeds, his gold;  
My love may not be sold  
For luxury!*

*"Perish his glittering hoard!  
Thou shalt alone be lord  
Of my free heart.  
Mine eyes, rebuke these tears!  
Banish, O heart, thy fears!  
Fail not thy part!*

*"Truelove, thou art my all;  
Naught shall my heart appall,  
When thou art near!  
My love is thine alone;  
For thee I'd lose a throne,  
Nor shed a tear.*

*"Never from thee to roam;  
Thy love my happy home!—  
How pines my aching heart  
In misery!  
Ah, how thy step I miss!  
What rapture is thy kiss!  
Earth had no higher bliss,  
Were I with thee!"*

Ah, happy, happy me this heart to win!  
And happy glowed the days that were in  
store;  
Dreams as delightful as the breath of  
Heaven.  
What were the wealth of worlds to love so  
strong!  
She, closely guarded, being not yet of  
age,  
Was constant as the day, though many  
wooed,  
And sought her hand in marriage, but in  
vain.  
Now did her grandsire urge her to accept  
A suitor of his choice; anon a note

Forged by her recreant brother, bade me  
cease

From waiting, and abandon hope. With  
scorn

This she denounced, and at our weekly  
tryst—

She was permitted once a week to visit  
Beneath good Mercy Allen's friendly roof—  
Bade me hold fast my faith in God and her.

My joy was full when oft before the dawn  
I waited at her door to accompany her  
Through the dim streets—strangely in-  
different

They seemed unto her beauty and our  
bliss—

To the young people's meetings where the  
day

Was ushered in with prayer and praise, as  
led

The saintly Whitefield to the realms of light.  
(So mixed love's ardor with religious zeal—  
Oh, how delightful youth's enthusiasm!—  
That an o'er zealous watchman, on patrol,

Arrested me one morn as a night-prowler,  
But to my protestations soon gave ear.)

There did our souls float heavenward side  
by side,

Rapt unto regions of delight and wonder;  
All unto each, twin spirits blissful soaring—  
Too brief, alas, the joy! earthward descend-  
ing,

- Parted we mournful at her envious door.

A twelvemonth followed—if what seemèd  
years

Were months.—Now rising hope, now dark-  
ling fear

Haunted my path.

'T was in the blush of May  
One morn her brother William, our fast  
friend,

To soothe my ruffled spirits, led me  
forth

And we were strolling through the country-  
side.

The new-born day was redolent of bloom,

The hedges breathing tuneful roundelays,  
And all things seemed to wait a crowning  
joy!

Approached afar a maiden; as she came,  
The air more fragrant breathed, the song  
more sweet.

Lo, 't was Eliza, bearing in her hand  
A little parcel, pitifully small.  
With this—her all—her childhood's home  
she fled

On this sweet day of her majority,  
Refuge to seek beneath her brother's roof.

We turned and went with her; my heart did  
leap

With joy that I so soon should call her mine!  
But with soft eyes of love she tenderly  
Reproved my eagerness: "I would not have  
It seem that I had left a parent's roof  
E'en for the refuge of a husband's arms.  
Nor will I burden thee, my brother, I  
Am skilful with my needle to provide  
My simple needs."

The tortoise months crept by  
Till, love-illumined, half a year had passed.  
Then did the blissfulest youth beneath the  
sun

Lead to the altar the most winsome bride  
That sun e'er shone upon, her rippling hair  
Golden beneath a veil so tenuous

It seemed some radiant seraph's aureole,  
Or moonbeam envious of her loveliness.

There bloomed no flower on earth or in the  
heavens

That could compare that day with my  
Eliza;

The breath of orange flowers in her hair,  
And in her hand a lily. On her breast  
A happy rose lay dreaming, lost in bliss.  
Around her clung a virgin robe of white,  
Raiment of lilies, that had swept the  
ground

Had not her sister graces held the train.  
Joy strewed before her roses; voice of birds  
Saluted her with joyous madrigals.

Radiant with blessing, breathing melody,  
She seemed to move within a charmed air.

. . . . .  
Guests of her brother's hospitality,  
Sometime abode we from the honeymoon.  
Success in business followed and a home  
Filled with the light of love, with gardens  
wreathed,  
And Heaven was glad to see our happiness.  
There the sweet presence of Eliza filled  
Our dwelling with the fragrance of a bower,  
Where summer breathes, and bird-song-  
joyance flows;  
And everywhere touches of grace did bloom,  
Born of the sunlight of her radiant soul.  
And unto us a son was given, whose  
coming  
Opened the fountains of a love unknown,  
Undreamed before, sprung from celestial  
heights;  
And little hands our mutual hearts inwove  
With ever dearer bonds. Our cup was full.

. . . . .  
One peaceful Sabbath, in ecstatic frame,  
Fresh from partaking of the Sacrament,  
Leaving the Tabernacle, where the gates



Of Heaven seemed opening with wide welcome, I

Rejoicing, as among the elect, strolled forth  
On Moorsfields common. There a man  
was preaching,

As was the accustomed practice of the day,  
Unto a crowd of listeners beneath

A tree's wide shade, rapt in attention.

"Sir,"

I asked a passer-by, "what man is this  
That doth so draw the people unto him?"

"This is one Relly," answered he disdainful,  
"Who doth delude his hearers with the hope  
Of final bliss for all, when sin hath reaped  
Full harvest here of pleasure. Curse the  
knave!

A Welshman who, poor fool, would stir up  
London.

Damnab!e heresy, forsooth, he spreads  
Among the people; hear the prating fool!"

Fell on my ears the words: "Inseparable  
The Gospel from reproach. I may not shun  
it.

Therefore, rejoicing, I with open arms  
Meet it, and to the world am crucified!  
O gracious Union, wondrous Love! Let him  
Who is thence fallen say: 'Mine enemy,  
Rejoice thou not against me, for though I  
Be fallen, yet through Christ I shall arise!'"

I listened but a moment and passed on.  
Vehement I denounced him as blasphemer  
And was exceeding mad that he should open  
Wide the broad floodgates of the world to  
sin.

Bandied about were rumors in the Church  
Of this dark hypocrite who in the name  
Of God was doing Satan's work. Methought  
I would have rendered service to the Lord  
Could I the villain's life have taken; base  
Lurer of weaklings down to sure perdition.

Early and late I sought the Tabernacle  
And, as I passed along the crowded streets,  
My heart swelled with the thought that  
God had snatched

Me, as a brand from the burning, out of these  
Vast multitudes predestined to destruction!

. . . . .  
Here! read these leaves, torn from my  
journal, writ

When I was young, driven with a narrow zeal  
'Gainst them whom I did hold accursed of  
God,

Disciples of that Soul-destroyer, Relly.  
Read how the mask from my self-righteous  
soul

Was torn by the gentle hand of one whom I  
Went forth to snatch from deadly heresy.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Leaves from an old Journal follow:*

"I had frequently been solicited to hear him, merely that I might be an ear-witness of what was termed his *blasphemies*; but I arrogantly said, I would not be a *murderer of time*. Thus I passed on for a number of years, hearing all manner of evil said of Mr. Relly, and I *believed all I heard*, while every day augmented the inveterate hatred which I bore against this man and his adherents.

"When a worshipping brother or sister belonging to the communion, which I considered as honored by the approbation of Deity, was drawn from the paths of rectitude by this deceiver, the anguish of my spirit was indescribable; . . . one instance in particular pierced me to the soul.

So Paul of Tarsus was exceeding mad  
Against the pure disciples of the Way,  
Whom he, with fiery zeal, did persecute,  
Till from the heavens a Voice smote low  
his pride,  
And humbled him with light ineffable.

---

“A young lady of irreproachable life, remarkable for piety, and highly respected by the Tabernacle, congregation and church, of which I was a devout member, had been ensnared. To my great astonishment, she had been induced to hear, and having heard she had embraced, the pernicious errors of this detestable babbler; she was become a believer, a firm and unwavering believer, of universal redemption! Horrible! Most horrible!

“So high an opinion was entertained of my talents, having myself been a teacher among the Methodists, and such was my standing in Mr. Whitefield's church, that I was deemed adequate to reclaim this wanderer, and I was strongly urged to the pursuit. The poor deluded young woman was abundantly worthy our most arduous efforts. *He that converteth the sinner from the error of his way, shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.* Thus I thought, thus I said, and, swelled with a high idea of my own importance, I went, accompanied by two or three of my Christian brethren, to see, to converse with, and, if need were, to admonish this simple, weak, but, as we heretofore believed, meritorious female; fully persuaded

*Hail, prophetess of All-Redeeming Love!  
How rapturous the song of choirs above,  
When thou didst lead thy captive to Love's feet,  
Turned from the night by thine insistence sweet!*

---

that I could easily convince her of her errors, I entertained no doubt respecting the result of my undertaking.

"The young lady received us with much condescension and kindness, while, as I glanced my eye upon her fine countenance, beaming with intelligence, mingled pity and contempt grew in my bosom. After the first ceremonies, we sat for some time silent; at length I drew up a heavy sigh, uttered a pathetic sentiment relative to the deplorable condition of those who live and die in unbelief, and concluded a violent declamation, by pronouncing *with great earnestness, 'he that believeth not shall be damned.'*

"'And pray, Sir,' said the young lady with great sweetness, 'Pray, Sir, for not believing what is the unbeliever damned?'

"'For not believing what? *Why, he is damned for not believing.'*

"'But, my dear Sir, I asked what was that, which he did not believe, for which he was damned?'

"'Why, for not believing in Jesus Christ to be sure.'

"'Do you mean to say that unbelievers are damned for not believing there was such a person as Jesus Christ?'

"'No, I do not; a man may believe there was such a person, and yet be damned.'

*O nameless one, thou shalt remembered be  
With reverence by a long posterity!—  
A vestal virgin of the flame divine,  
On whose pure altar truth did clearly shine.*

---

“‘What then, Sir, must he believe, in order to avoid damnation?’

“‘Why, he must believe, that Jesus Christ is a complete Saviour.’

“‘Well, suppose he were to believe, that Jesus Christ was the complete Saviour of others, would this belief save him?’

“‘No, he must believe that Jesus Christ is his complete Saviour; every individual must believe *for himself, that Jesus Christ is his complete Saviour.*’

“‘Why, Sir, is Jesus Christ the Saviour of any unbeliever?’

“‘No, Madam.’

“‘Why then should any *unbeliever* believe that Christ Jesus is his Saviour, *if he is not his Saviour?*

“‘I say he is not the Saviour of any one until he believes.’

“‘Then if Jesus be not the Saviour of the *unbeliever until he believes*, the unbeliever is called upon to believe a lie. It appears to me, Sir, that Jesus is the complete Saviour of *unbelievers*, and that unbelievers are called upon to believe the truth, and that by *believing, they are saved in their own apprehension, saved from all those dreadful fears,*

*Lead thou the sisterhood, in this far day,  
Of those who fain would show the fairer way  
Unto His feet—with intuition clear—  
Who loosed the fetters of the slaves of fear!*

---

*which are consequent upon unbelief, upon a state of conscious condemnation.'*

"No, Madam, you are dreadfully, I trust not fatally, misled. Jesus never was, nor never will be, the Saviour of any unbeliever.'

"Do you think he is your Saviour, Sir?"

"I hope he is.'

"Were you always a believer, Sir?"

"No, Madam.'

"Then you were once an unbeliever, that is, you once believed that Jesus was not your Saviour. Now, as you say, he never was nor *never will be*, the Saviour of any unbeliever, as you were once an *unbeliever*, he can never be your Saviour.'

"He never was my Saviour till I believed.'

"Did he never die for you till you believed, Sir?"

"Here I was extremely embarrassed, and most devoutly wished myself out of her habitation. I sighed bitterly, expressed deep commiseration for those deluded souls who had nothing but head knowledge; drew out my watch, *discovered it was late*, and, recollecting an engagement, observed it was time to take leave.

"I was extremely mortified; the young lady observed

One day a manuscript was given me.  
The writer bid me read it ere 't was  
printed—

An attack upon a book called *Union*, writ  
By this corrupter, Relly. Would I say  
How it appealed to me? As I did read  
I grew impatient and would see this *Union*  
Which my friend seemed so weak to over-  
throw.

Anon, by chance, the book came to my  
hands,

For I was loth to buy it openly,  
And as I, eager, read it, I was filled

---

my confusion, but was too generous to pursue her triumph. I arose to depart, the company arose; she urged us to tarry, addressed each one of us in language of kindness; her countenance seemed to wear a resemblance of the Heaven which she contemplated—it was stamped with benignity, and when she bade us adieu, she enriched us with her good wishes.

“I suspected that my religious brethren saw she had the advantage of me, and I *felt* that her remarks were indeed *unanswerable*; my pride was hurt, and I determined to ascertain the exact sentiments of my associates respecting this interview. ‘Poor soul,’ said I, ‘she is far gone in error.’ ‘True,’ said they, ‘but she is, notwithstanding, a very



With strong desire to hear the writer; stole  
By night unto his humble place of worship—  
Where once before, after long years of  
scorn,

I ventured, by my curiosity  
Impelled; but hatred and contempt had  
closed

Mine ears and understanding to his plea.

Went too Eliza. Dear Eliza! There  
The heavens were opened to our enraptured  
eyes.

There saw we Christ, of all earth's trees  
alone

---

sensible woman.' 'Ay, ay,' thought I, 'they have assuredly discovered that she has proved too mighty for me.' 'Yes,' said I, 'she has a great deal of head-knowledge, but yet she may be a lost, damned soul.' 'I hope not,' returned one of my friends, 'she is a very good young woman.'

"I saw, and it was with extreme chagrin, that the event of this visit had depreciated me in the opinion of my companions; but I could do no more than censure and condemn, solemnly observing, it was better to avoid conversing with these apostates and it would be judicious never to associate with them upon any occasion.

"From this period I, myself, carefully avoided every Universalist, *and most cordially did I hate them.*"

The Good Tree, that corrupt fruit cannot  
bear;  
Under whose shadow man may rest secure—  
The Blessèd Apple-Tree, feeding mankind;  
Bearing alone good fruit 'mid evil trees;  
Bearing good fruit for all our sin-cursed  
race,  
Whom evil hath corrupted and made  
barren.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup>An old hymn, from the collection printed by James Springer, New London, Conn., A.D., 1800.

*Christ, the Apple-Tree*

*"The Tree of Life my soul hath seen,  
Laden with fruit, and always green;  
The trees of nature fruitless be,  
Compared with Christ, the Apple-Tree.*

*"This beauty doth all things excell,  
By faith I know but ne'er can tell  
The glory which I now can see  
In Jesus Christ, the Apple-Tree.*

*"For happiness I long have sought,  
And pleasure dearly have I bought;  
I miss'd for all, but now I see  
'Tis found in Christ, the Apple-Tree.*

Mankind the family of God we saw,  
 And on His throne beheld the World-  
     Redeemer,  
 With him eternally at one all poor  
 Victims of sorrow, prisoners of sin,  
 Inseparable from His heart of love—  
 The Son of God in union with all men,  
 Bought with His precious blood on Calvary.

---

*“ I ’m weary with my former toil,  
 Here I shall sit and rest awhile;  
 Under the shadow I shall be  
 Of Jesus Christ, the Apple-Tree.*

*“ With great delight I ’ll make my stay,  
 There ’s none shall fright my soul away;  
 Among the sons of men I see  
 There ’s none like Christ, the Apple-Tree.*

*“ I ’ll sit and eat this fruit divine,  
 It cheers my heart like spiritu’l wine;  
 And now this fruit is sweet to me,  
 That grows on Christ, the Apple-Tree.*

*“ This fruit doth make my soul to thrive,  
 It keeps my dying faith alive;  
 Which makes my soul in haste to be  
 With Jesus Christ, the Apple-Tree.”*

*Union mysterious of the Lord of Grace  
With every son of Adam's fallen race!*

*So firm the bond, indissolubly strong,  
It ne'er shall be destroyed by sin or wrong.*

*Grief may not drown it, nor the tempest break,  
Nor powers of Hell the mighty compact shake.*

*For love of man He left His throne above ;  
For love He wrought and died—Ah, wondrous  
love !*

*Upon Himself He took the world's vast sin;  
Empty His heart, till all were gathered in!*

*With us united in the bonds of love,  
With Him He bears us to His realms above;*

*Whate'er is His to us is freely given—  
One in the pains of Earth and bliss of Heaven.*

My pride was humbled by the vision: I  
The saint, but one of God's great family?  
How vain my pride; how vast the might of  
Love!

Then saw I, in the light of Calvary,  
Shrivel my old solicitude for *self*;  
Saw Love more wide, more vast abound,  
    all-strong  
To bear the sin and sorrow of the world;  
Saw Love unbought, Love unconditioned,  
    free—  
Not men alone the quest, not *men*, but  
    *Man*—  
Inseverable saw I God and Man.

. . . . .  
Then, like the rapture of awakening spring,  
Eliza's voice breathed forth its melody,  
Filling our home with her sweet soul's de-  
    light:

*Frowning forests hid the sun,  
    The sun that burns for all;  
The path of Hope, in light begun,  
    Lay buried 'neath a pall.*

*Beneath the snow a floweret sweet  
    Was dreaming of the day  
When springtide light its bloom should greet  
    With long-forgotten ray.*

*Hope, scenting fragrance in the gloom,  
 Pressed on with hastening wing—  
 Of this sweet blossom's heartening bloom  
 My gladdened soul would sing.*

*Little flower, little flower!  
 Thy breath is wafted wide;  
 The murk and gloom have felt thy power,  
 And may not long abide.*

Our visits ever and anon repeated,  
 'T was noisèd soon throughout the church,  
     and I  
 Was summoned to the Tabernacle, there  
 To give account of my detestable  
 And deadly heresy to all the band  
 Of Whitefield's followers. In gloomy ranks  
 And solemn mien they sat, and bade me  
     tell  
 If I in truth had listened to that monster;  
 Had I been snared? Then I stood forth and  
     said:

"Reverend and holy men of God, give ear  
 A little space, while I declare the faith

For which ye would condemn and cast me  
out.

Ye ask me to keep silent, to restrain  
My feet from following in this new light.  
My feet I may not shackle at your hest,  
Where God hath set me free, nor silent keep.

"As I, spell-bound, have listened unto him,  
This man whom ye despise hath shed new  
light

Upon the word of God, illumining  
The mystery, the wonders of His grace.

"As waxed the cloud before the prophet's  
eyes,

At first no bigger than his hand, until  
With promise of the blessèd rain it filled  
The heavens, life pouring on the parchèd  
earth,

So grew the Love Divine before mine eyes,  
And my heart swelled with wonder and  
delight.

"Brethren, the Holy One of God may not  
Be limited by our too narrow bounds!

His ways are not as our ways. As the  
    heavens  
Are high above the earth, so are His  
    thoughts  
High above ours. Those blessed out-  
    stretched arms,  
Heedless of pain, if they might reach man's  
    heart,  
Embraced on Calvary all humankind;  
Nor will He from His labors rest until  
The travail of His soul be satisfied.  
“My brethren, there be deeper depths in  
    Love  
Than we have sounded. The world's sin  
    doth cry  
For One that knoweth not defeat; for One  
Who shall not be discouraged when the  
    clouds  
Of evil hide the sun, and break in fury  
On His bowed head; who, having under-  
    taken,  
Will yet perform, whose love out-lasteth sin.  
Where sin abounds, grace doth much  
    more abound!



"Ye say He died for the elect. Aye, verily!  
Some be elect to lead the way; to labor  
Full time in the vineyard; some at the  
eleventh hour

Service to give; but on them all His grace  
Bestoweth equal bounty, shaming the  
sluggard.

And they who late begin lose of His joy.

"From the dark thought that God would  
reprobate

A sin-cursed soul to aimless fires eternal,  
As foreordained by the Almighty's stern  
decree,

For His own glory, shrinks my soul aghast!  
(Hath Satan aught conceived of deeper  
dye?)

Or that the Spotless One of Calvary,  
Whose we all be, who bare all in His heart,  
Which brake with all our sorrows and  
despair,

Should suffer shameful death for all man-  
kind

And fail of His high purpose, with a remnant

Only out-snatched from the world-wide  
wreck of sin,  
Staggers my understanding and my faith,  
And heaps discomfiture upon His shame.

“How is He Saviour, pray, who cannot  
save;

Who cannot light the dungeon of despair,  
Nor with Love's steady glow the prisoner  
wake;

Who cannot draw the sin-blind soul to him,  
As He hath promised all mankind to draw?  
How may the sinner call Him Saviour who  
Shall sit in judgment on that last great  
day

To hurl him down to everlasting woe?  
Shall he bear witness to a lie; or shall  
He save himself, ignoring Calvary?

“Yea, when the Son of God shall be revealed  
In flaming fire, with all His mighty angels,  
Then shall He vengeance take on them that  
know

Not God, obeying not the Gospel. Love

Despised will vengeance take, but how?

Will Love

Cast down the sinner to the deeper depths  
Of sin eternal? Will He not rather choose  
The vengeance Joseph heaped upon his  
brethren,

They who wrought him evil; who thought  
scorn

To bow before him, as his dream foretold;  
When he, having rescued them from famine  
brought

Them down to Egypt, where they saw him  
robed

In splendor—their own blood!—and gladly  
bowed,

Making obeisance low, proud of their kin?  
Such is the vengeance the Redeemer takes;  
Thus will He triumph over every foe!

“For saith the Lord: I by myself have  
sworn;

My word hath gone forth and will not re-  
turn,

That every knee to Me shall bow, that every

Tongue shall confess, in that day surely say :  
I in the Lord have righteousness and  
strength.

“Be not deceived; on Him hath been bestowed  
All power that is on earth and in the  
heavens;  
Nor is He bounded by the dusky stream,  
Nor swerved by terrors of the wilderness;  
And not in vain shall His all-searching eye  
Seek till He find His wayward, sin-hurt  
sheep!

“There is a Gospel that speaks peace and  
joy  
Unto the few that have their Saviour found,  
But to earth's teeming multitudes disaster  
Bodes. Another, Love's true Gospel, holds  
Each soul of man so precious, so divine,  
Time may not quench the spark, nor all the  
wastes  
Of vast eternity; nor sin destroy  
The heritage of one for whom Christ died.

“God no taskmaster is, exacting service  
In payment for His love. Ah, nay!  
The measure of His love is human need.  
When turns the prodigal to Him, though  
    day  
Be wellnigh spent in sin, at eventide  
He goeth forth to meet him, in His hands  
Love's largess; the dead past forgot in  
    joy  
That His lost child unto himself hath come.  
Our sins forgiven, He doth blot them out—  
Lost in the cycles of eternal bliss!

“Brethren, I counsel you beware, lest ye  
Be found fighting against the Lord of  
    Hosts—  
The hosts of Love that breathe in summer  
    winds  
And in the tempest's clarion voice; that  
    glow  
In sparkling dew-drop and in burning star,  
And in the blaze of dazzling seraphim;  
That fill the earth and heavens, yea, the  
    abyss of Hell,

Marshalled for war! For Love is Lord of  
all,  
And must at last prevail o'er every foe!

"How passing strange, how grievous that  
the church  
Should brand me heretic and infidel;  
Me from her household excommunicate,  
Because I hold that Christ for all hath  
died;  
That all men on the Cross were dead with  
Him,  
With Him to rise, with Him in glory reign;  
Because I dare His love to claim for all,  
Love unconditioned for all humankind,  
The love sin may not conquer; that all  
men  
God's offspring be, and brothers all man-  
kind—  
That not in vain He died, but unto Him  
All men, all creatures in the earth and  
heavens  
Shall flee for refuge, and shall refuge find  
In His great heart—ye call me infidel!

“Brethren, this man whom ye despise hath  
opened

To my astonished eyes a new world! Yea,  
A world whose grandeur too resplendent is  
For mortal vision; whose stupendous whole  
We may not grasp; beyond the reach of  
sense,

Save in disjointed fragments dimly seen—  
Vouchsafed to comfort woe, faith to inspire  
A world where all things move harmonious;  
Where Discord dead, his appointed work  
accomplished,

Order divine rules evermore; whose airs  
Breathe joy antiphonal from soul to soul;  
And man, redeemed, sings universal praise.

“Nay, my belovèd brethren, could ye turn  
My back upon the vision I have seen,  
Or should it fade from sight, as fades a  
dream,

I should of all men be most miserable.  
For I have followed Rely unto heights  
From whose commanding crest I did be-  
hold—

As Moses from high Pisgah Canaan saw—  
A new world opening to my enraptured eyes.  
May God be praised, the God of Light and  
Love!"

. . . . .

*Sing to the Lord of Light and Love  
A noble song of praise ;  
Sing with rejoicing hosts above  
The joy that fills our days !*

*The travail of the world is long,  
And long the blight of sin ;  
But Love, Almighty Love is strong,  
And Love at last shall win !*

*His light outshining sun and star,  
Outlasting Earth and Time,  
Shall banish error's night afar  
And bring the day sublime.*

*His love in triumph onward flows  
As flows the mighty sea ;  
Victorious over all His foes,  
Filling eternity !*

. . . . .



Then did they cast me out, and I went  
home

And opened all my sorrows to Eliza;  
And she did weep with me and 'mid our  
tears

She whispered: "Courage, John! Now art  
thou first

Accounted worthy for Lord Christ to suffer.

Thou shouldst be proud and glad to bear  
the cross

With Him whom we so late have learned  
to know

As the World-Saviour, the All-Conqueror!"

. . . . .

Then hovered Hatred round our path, a  
vampire

Bent on destruction, thirsting for our blood.

Close followed a dark train of woes that  
wove

A net about us: sickness, debt, and death—

Dragged, as by the resistless hand of  
Fate—

Home, friendship, happiness engulfed in  
ruin!

. . . . .  
*Inseparable walked they till they came  
Where 'neath the sunlight loomed an ebon  
cloud,  
Threatening and vast. Beneath it crept the  
way.*

. . . . .  
On that last morn to me she faintly clung;  
Each cruel throe my heart with anguish  
    wrung;  
Forspent she laid her head upon my breast,  
Wearied with pain, and sighed to be at rest.  
I hung upon each halted, fleeting breath,  
Chilled by the shadow of the wings of  
    Death.  
Hand clasped in hand, we neared the  
    stream's dark brink,  
In whose deep waters she began to sink.

One look of love unutterable cast  
She on my tears—one look; it was the last.  
Then the cold river claimed her for his  
    own,  
And her pure spirit from my arms had  
    flown.

Cold grew the hand that lay so still in mine  
Day was no more; my light had ceased to  
shine!

Eliza, O Eliza, without thee  
My life is but an empty, storm-swept sea  
Whose angry billows have gone over me!  
My light is darkness and my hope despair,  
My life in ruins! All that was so fair  
Is quenched in utter gloom, and the failing  
sun,  
Before the noon-tide hour, his course hath  
run.

From tribulation whither shall I flee,  
Beset, beleaguered round with misery!  
My troubles spring as sparks that mount  
the sky,  
As grass for multitude about my feet.  
The heavens are brass, they heed not  
when I cry;  
For me no pity on the mercy seat!  
Ah, woe is me that ever I was born!  
Now breaks my heart, with bitter anguish  
torn.

Whither shall I from His hard presence  
flee?

I will escape in the tumult of the sea,  
Where to the angry sky hoarse trumpets  
roar;

Where fierce gales lash the deep from shore  
to shore.

My back I turn upon my native land;  
Reckless I haste me to the western strand;  
With broad Atlantic wastes far-stretched  
between,

Perchance I may forget what might have  
been.

There will I lose myself in wilds unknown,  
Where savage man and wolf and panther  
roam,

Far, far away from kindred, love, and  
home—

“Home!” “Cruel mockery!” my heart  
makes moan,

While I, without the accustomed casement,  
gaze

To see strange forms around my hearth-  
stone-blaze—

Beside that hearth sweet converse did we  
hold,

Our grief and care shut out, the night, the  
cold.

Now pause I here upon the jarring street—  
How crushed my heart, how chained my  
aimless feet!

And in that upper room one morn the  
light

Our firstborn saw, our joy, our souls' de-  
light—

From that dark chamber, ere the year was  
dead,

Our hearts' desire to sun-lit fields had fled;  
The tie that knit us to the years to come,  
Was rudely torn—for us his lips were  
dumb.

Now, through immortal gardens, wreathed  
with joy,

With glory crowned, she leads my happy  
boy—

And I, shut out, in this dark world below,  
Grapple with woe!

Thy judgments stagger me;  
O God, Thy hand is heavy, I would flee;  
Forget my vows, Thy service, and be  
free!

Ah, what is home, bereft of wife and child?  
And what is native land, with conscience  
bound?

I flee the face of man,  
The church's ban,  
Lofty contempt and withering scorn  
Of those that called me "Brother," borne  
As bears the felon his polluted name,  
Branded with shame,  
The tumult and relentless wrath  
That long have dogged my path—  
I flee it all; I care not, know not where,  
So heavy is the weight of my despair,  
If but oblivion might bury me,  
A wreck bewildered, swallowed of the  
sea!

. . . . .

I hated life. A debtor's prison mine,  
Through the malevolence of enemies,

Who threatened loathsome Newgate as my  
goal.

All night I paced my prison floor alone,  
Grieving and desperate. All joy was fled;  
With grief distraught, eager with mine own  
hand

My life to end, with conscience fought I;  
strove

To justify the deed; in frenzy called  
On death to set me free, to end my shame.

While thus I grovelled in despair, behold!  
Eliza, all transfigured, stood before me,  
And with soft eyes of pity, love-suffused,  
Bade me arise, and patient wait for God.  
And, as she vanished, fell a wondrous calm  
Upon my soul, and day broke on the dark-  
ness.

Lo, then, a wonder! for not many days  
Had flown, when to my rescue friendship  
came—

Sole of all friends, her brother; in his hand  
A parchment setting forth through inter-  
cession

Of his true love, my debts were cancelled  
all—

Clean blotted out, as was the world's vast  
debt

On Calvary, and humankind set free.

I was astounded; would not have him  
bound

For my redemption; but he bid me eat  
And drink, for I was famished; bid me  
follow,

For he was fain to set me on my feet.

So I did thrive in business, and my kin-  
dred

Would make for me the semblance of a  
home.

Again did fortune woo me with her smiles,  
Again my garden breathed her winsome  
fragrance;

'T was but in vain, for ever in mine ear  
Whispered a Voice that drave me oversea,  
I cared not whither, and I knew not  
why.

And so again the tempest swept my soul!



. . . . .  
Pleading James Rely urged: "O John, be-  
hold

How blest are we to whom the Lord hath  
shown

Truth as it is in Jesus! Dost thou dare  
Hide this so great a light beneath a bushel!  
Dost thou not hear the Saviour calling  
thee

To bear the comfort of His word abroad,  
To let His blessèd light shine in thick dark-  
ness,

To kindle hope where long despair hath  
dwelt,

To feed the famished souls of sinful men,  
To honor His great name whom we adore?

But I was obdurate; my soul was hurt  
With contact of the world, crushed by its  
scorn.

Nay, I would seek the New World solitudes,  
Bury my griefs, and shun the face of man.  
Nature, perchance, with kindly touch would  
pour

Her soothing balm, from timeless forest  
shades,

From the wild meadow, sleeping in the sun,  
From the deep mystery of cloud-wrapped  
steep—

Her healing balm pour on my aching wounds.

. . . . .

Beneath me crept the Thames, with ship-  
ping burthened,

Bearing rich tribute of all lands to London,  
Where from her seat the Queen of empire  
rules,

Forth reaching with her navies round the  
world—

Tribute of spice, of silken marvels, gems  
From dim Cathay; from opulence of  
Indies

Treasure undreamed; the wealth of Europe  
poured

From teeming mart and mine, e'en from the  
wilds

Of far America tribute to London,  
That glimmering lay in the far distance—  
once

My happy home, the tomb now of my  
hopes!

How vain, how vain the wealth of worlds to  
me!

Not far away I saw the misty sea,  
Vast and mysterious, with terror veiled,  
Waiting to bear me hence to the unknown.  
All, all was lost; for me was desolation!  
Prostrate I cast me on my Mother-earth—  
I clutched her bosom, as with dying hands  
Heart-broken my hot tears rained on her  
breast—

Entreating her to open wide her arms  
And take me evermore to her embrace,  
Lest I go forth a blighted wanderer,  
An exile branded with the scorn of men.

Sounded the warning gun, and from the  
peak  
Of the brig *Hand in Hand* fluttered the  
signal—

The hour of my departure was at hand,  
And slowly I went down the hill in tears.



*Ye winds that overlord the restless sea,  
Full many an eager sail and pennon  
brave,  
Of proud Armada, of rich argosy,  
Torn of your tempests, where no helm  
could save,  
Have sunk to silence in the ravening  
wave,  
Unseen, save by the hard, unpitying sky;  
Have plunged the abyss to a forgotten  
grave,  
Amid sea-wildernesses strange to lie,  
Mocked by the vainly circling sea-bird's lonely cry!*

*Forbear, O mighty sea-winds, for a while  
Your fury! and bid Eurus steadfast  
blow;  
Dispel the storm-clouds! let the heavens smile*

*On yon good ship, that fain would  
westward go!*

*A precious seed she bears that God will  
sow*

*And bring to fruitage on a new-found strand,  
To illume the darkness and to comfort  
woe.*

*Winds, waft her gently to the sunset land!  
Speed well, kind winds, the richly freighted "Hand  
in Hand!"*

*Forbear! nor let the boisterous waters wake  
The spirit of Love's Herald, bruised and  
sore;*

*Let him sleep on, until the Lord shall make  
His servant whole upon the welcoming  
shore,*

*There to make known Love's ever-open  
door;*

*The Father's love—Oh, that my voice might be  
Attuned with loftier strains Him to  
adore!—*

*To light a beacon, that all men may see  
Love's way, and, hand in hand, walk there eternally.*



*O, summer winds, O, summer winds,  
Come breathe a soothing symphony;  
Come softly blow, come softly blow  
A sweet Æolian threnody!  
I hear loved voices whisper as ye pass;  
So sweet and low, so faintly heard, alas!*

*O, summer winds, O, summer winds,  
Fair Spring hath piped her roundelay;  
She joyful sang, she joyful sang,  
With her April smiles and her wreathes  
of May;  
My being thrills beneath your ardent kiss,  
O, summer winds, with deep ecstatic bliss.*

*O, summer winds, O, summer winds,  
What bourn of rapture do ye seek?  
Soft airs, from what enchanted clime  
Waft ye your kisses on my cheek;*

*While days gone by come back again to me,  
And voices tuned to long-lost melody?*

*O, summer winds, O, summer winds,  
Come with your healing to my soul—  
Blest chrisms of earth, of sky, of sea,  
Bear on your wings to make me whole!  
O, Mother Nature, hold me to thy breast,  
And soothe and lull my fretful heart to rest!*





*Old ocean, lulled by thee,  
Dream I of eternity!  
Tears of parting, ties of blood,  
    Toil and turmoil, dust and strife,  
    Joy and agony of life  
Sink within the whelming flood.  
All-encompassing, stupendous, vast,  
Sweeps the horizon round our swaying mast!*

*Old ocean, lulled by thee,  
Dream I of eternity!  
Wastes of amethyst and gold;  
    Mountain ranges of the sky;  
    Domes ethereal floating high;  
Splendors of creation old.  
All-encompassing, stupendous, vast,  
Sweeps the horizon round our swaying mast!*

*Old ocean, lulled by thee,  
Dream I of eternity!*



*Pearly morn and fervid noon,  
 Raining diamonds on the sea;  
 Evening rapt in mystery,  
 Tender light of star, of moon.  
 Where the shining ripples play,  
 Dwellers of the mystic spheres,  
 Wondering at our mortal fears,  
 Throng the moon-glade's silver way.  
 All-encompassing, stupendous, vast,  
 Sweeps the horizon round our swaying mast!*

*Old ocean, lulled by thee,  
 Dream I of eternity!  
 Countless myriad birds a-wing,  
 Now on sun-lit wave a-brood;  
 Crying now to God for food,  
 Wild discordant voices ring;  
 All-encompassing, stupendous, vast,  
 Sweeps the horizon round our swaying mast!*

*Old ocean, lulled by thee,  
 Dream I of eternity!  
 See leviathan asleep!  
 Wakes he now 'mid plumèd spray,*

*Now the sea-folk round him play,  
And the billows o'er him leap.  
All encompassing, stupendous, vast,  
Sweeps the horizon round our swaying mast!*

*Old ocean, lulled by thee,  
Dream I of eternity!  
Fly we from the onward march  
Of the frightful water-spout!  
'Mid the rush and roar and shout  
Gleams the rainbow's radiant arch.  
All-encompassing, stupendous, vast,  
Sweeps the horizon round our swaying mast!*

*Old ocean, lulled by thee,  
Dream I of eternity!  
Lo, the iceberg's ghostly fleet!  
Band of pallid, questing souls,  
Drifting till, mid-way the poles,  
Tropic streams their coming greet.  
At the phantom fleet aghast,  
All the air grew chill as death,  
Shivering in the Arctic's breath,  
As the vision slowly passed.*

*Pacing caverns dim with gloom  
 To and fro, a polar bear,  
 Prisoned in his icy lair,  
 Drifting to relentless doom!  
 Mountain-dream and argosy,  
 Crystal dome agleam afar,  
 Crystal hull and mast and spar,  
 Move adown the wondering sea!  
 All-encompassing, stupendous, vast,  
 Sweeps the horizon round our swaying mast!*

*Old ocean, lulled by thee,  
 Dream I of eternity!  
 Leaden wave and leaden sky;  
 E'en the stoutest heart stands still  
 Feels of ocean-soul the thrill,  
 As the night-wrack towers high.  
 In fierce combat now engage  
 Demons riding flying clouds;  
 Rushing squadrons of the air;  
 Cyclone trumpet's awful blare;  
 Shrieking of the trembling shrouds;  
 Chaos of tumultuous rage!*

*All-encompassing, stupendous, vast,  
Sweeps the horizon round our swaying mast.*

*Old ocean, lulled by thee,  
Dream I of eternity!  
Then the calm, with silence shod  
    Kissed the billows to repose;  
    Fog impenetrable rose;  
Shut us in alone with God.  
All-encompassing, stupendous, vast,  
Sweeps the horizon round our swaying mast!*

*Old ocean, lulled by thee,  
Dream I of eternity!  
Lost the land, the sky, the sea;  
    Lost the light of sun, of moon;  
    Nature failing in a swoon,  
Swathed and lost in mystery.  
All-encompassing, stupendous, vast,  
Sweeps the horizon round our swaying mast!*

*Old ocean, lulled by thee,  
Dream I of eternity!  
So the wonders of the deep  
    Sank into my very soul,*

*Strove to make the heartbreak whole,  
As my spirit lay asleep.  
All encompassing, stupendous, vast,  
Sweeps the horizon round our swaying mast!*

*/ Old ocean, lulled by thee,  
Dream I of eternity!  
Love's Horizon Infinite,  
Hold, ah, hold in Thine embrace  
Destiny of all our race,  
Through the darkness, through the light!  
All-encompassing, stupendous, vast,  
Sweeps the horizon round our swaying mast!*

. . . . .

While the Apostle of Love was rocked on the  
bosom of ocean,  
Lulled by wind and wave, and the all-encom-  
passing vastness,  
Lo, in unfaltering faith, on the shore of the  
western horizon,  
Waited a dauntless soul, till the Lord should  
grant his petition.

While yet thy ship afar was veiled in mists of  
the morning  
Did not my heart within me leap at the voice of  
the Spirit,  
Telling me thou wert come whom I so long had  
expected?







## Book Two

“Through yonder open casement I behold the grave of a man the recollection of whom swells my heart with gratitude, and fills my eyes with tears. . . . There rests the precious dust of the friend of strangers, whose hospitable doors were ever open to the destitute, and to him who had none to relieve his sufferings. I myself, once thrown on these shores a desolate stranger, this Christian man brought me to his habitation. . . . Even now I behold in imagination his venerable countenance. Bignity is seated on his brow, his mind is apparently open and confiding; tranquillity reposes upon his features, and the expression of each varying emotion evinceth that faith which is the parent of enduring peace, of that peace which passeth understanding. . . . This dear man, this American ‘MAN OF ROSS’ . . . was a gem of the first quality, and notwithstanding the crust, which from his birth enfolded him, yet by the rubs he suffered from the pebbles among which he was placed, this crust was so far broken as to emit upon almost every occasion the native splendor of his intellect. Had this man in early life received the culture of nature’s hand-maid, what a luminous figure he would have made! But the God of nature had stamped upon his soul the image of Himself, *unbounded benevolence*. . . .

“Peace, peace to thy spirit, thou friendly, feeling, faithful man; thy dust is laid up to rest, near the house thou didst build for God, but thy spirit rests *with God* in the house built *by Him for thee*.”

JOHN MURRAY



### AVE PATRES

**H**AIL to thee, Prophet of Love! untutored  
save by the Spirit,  
Light didst thou see afar, and didst build for  
its home foundations.  
Hail to thee, Love's Apostle! thereon didst thou  
plant a sure beacon  
Glowing with light divine, unquenchable guide  
in the night-storm.

Fierce though long tempests have striven  
Love's beacon of hope to extinguish,  
One by one at this flame the Lord's right hand  
hath enkindled  
Torches of golden sunlight; and ancient altars  
are glowing,

Where through the age-long pain thunders and  
lightnings have threatened.

Hail to ye, brave hearts and true! steadfast,  
undaunted of error,

Love proclaimed ye as Lord supreme, as the  
Parent Almighty;

Brotherhood claimed ye for all mankind, amid  
the vast turmoil—

Vision sublime, resplendent, longing and dream  
of the ages!

. . . . .

LONE Thomas Potter stood on the shore deep  
musing at sunrise,

Absently scanning the silvery spoils of a night  
on the ocean.

Strong of frame was the man, wind-scarred like  
his oaks and rugged.

Doomed to perpetual loss through the greed of a  
churlish father,

Naught had he known from boyhood of pen or of  
printed paper.

Burdened with toil on farm and sea passed the  
days of his springtime.

Then slow his woodlands and meadows had  
/ widened, till now half a thousand  
Acres stood to his name, yet cramped was his  
life's near horizon.

But though his life was sore crippled, shut out  
from the treasures of knowledge,  
Eagerly searched his spirit, with wings out-  
stretched, for her birthright,  
Drinking deep of the water of life out-poured  
from the Scriptures,  
Read in response to his earnest prayer by each  
passing preacher.  
And, as they read, his ear caught whispers of  
something far greater,  
Something his soul was craving, wider than  
aught they preached of.  
Long had he cherished the thought to build a  
house with his own hands,  
Open the while to all, but waiting the preacher  
he longed for.  
Worn were his hands and his garb with wearisome  
toil, but his eyes shone

Deep 'neath his whitening locks with the fire  
divine therein smould'ring:

Stone upon stone have I laid the walls in mortar  
well tempered;

True and plumb are the corners, strong their  
burthen to carry.

Cedar and oak have I felled with long labor,  
my keen axe resounding,

Ringling a tuneful chime the while I was hewing  
the timbers—

Corner-post, rafter, beam, and rooftree—and  
riving the shingles.

Stone of the field and tree of the forest all offer  
praises

Unto the Lord and Giver, to whose name now I  
devote them.

Here shall Truth one day find a home awaiting  
her coming,

Simple and unadorned, with foundations firm  
and enduring—

Gift of my heart and hands to my Maker, whose  
word I am waiting.

While I labored my heart was singing the  
/ praise of my Master,  
And as I sang, the stones took part and the trees  
and my cattle:

*Stones of the field, stones of the field, for ages long  
have ye waited!*

*The Master now calls you, rejoice, rejoice!  
Cry aloud in praise with your new-found voice!  
Long the ages your song have belated.  
No more be ye dumb,  
Through the years to come!  
The Lord is waiting, He gives you voice;  
Ancient stones cry aloud, rejoice, rejoice!  
With your praises my ox-team is freighted.*

*He owns the cattle on a thousand hills,  
Yet, my sturdy team, the Master wills  
That you alone of His vast, uncounted herd  
Should have part in this home for His promised  
word.  
Ye should be proud  
To be allowed*

*To labor thus for Him*

*Before whom bow the heavens, and chant the mighty  
cherubim!*

*Bend now your strength to the creaking yoke,  
Slow with stone whose silence my sledge hath broke,  
That we together this house may raise—  
My cattle and I—to the Master's praise!*

*Come with me, come with me, stately trees of the  
wood!*

*Generations long have ye waiting stood—  
Waiting a Voice.*

*Now the Master is calling,  
To my axe are ye falling,  
Rejoice, rejoice!*

*Again shall ye stand,  
By the help of my hand,  
And we together  
Shall sing His praise,  
As your strength I raise—  
Your loyal hearts laid bare to the weather.*

*Come with me, come with me, silent trees of the wood,  
Lay down your lives for Brotherhood!*



*And the Lord of Life, the Giver of Good,  
Unto you the voice of a trumpet shall give—  
Sweet-toned, silver, ringing clear,  
Bidding the slaves of fear,  
Men and nations, rejoice and live!  
Rejoice and live! Rejoice and live!*

Long hath my house been open to preachers of  
every persuasion—  
Meek-faced man of peace who spake as moved  
by the Spirit,  
Circuit rider aglow with tempestuous fires of  
emotion,  
Elder o'erbrimming with zeal to bless the world  
by immersion,  
Churchman in flowing robes intoning liturgical  
measures,  
Puritan stern of mien, inflexible master of  
logic—  
Wide has my door been thrown for each to  
deliver his message.

Still from my heart of pain cries a void which no  
man hath measured,

Wherein my fellow-men, e'en the myriad sinners  
of all time,  
Refuge may find and hope, exceeding aught  
these have told us.  
Surely my thought is no higher than His who  
created the heavens!  
Surely my love is no deeper than His who was  
pierced for transgressors,  
Whose great heart of love must be deep and  
wide as the world's need!  
Oh, that the Lord would incline His ear to my  
humble petition,  
Offered at early morn, at noon, and in the  
night season!

Smiling the sunlight gladdens my path, as if joy  
were, my birthright;  
Aged oaks branch above my head, as if longing  
to bless me;  
Sometimes the ocean rocks my boat, as if 't were  
a loved cradle;  
Sometimes I feel the sky bending over me,  
pitying, yearning;

Night with her starry eyes looks down, as if  
watching my vigil;  
Winds caress my sun-brown cheek, and the  
tremulous air seems  
Full of murmuring voices, striving their secret  
to utter.  
Ever there whispers and beckons something  
tenderer, stronger,  
Luring by day and by night my hungering soul  
toward the unknown.

*Now broods a tender light upon the sea;  
Sweet voices of the forest whisper low;  
The sunset wraps my soul in mystery—  
Whither and whence do the drifting ages flow?*

*Now cries a voice of terror through the storm;  
Vast hangs the gloom on forest and on sea;  
From Nature's wrath I shrink; her dreadful form  
Crushes my soul with awe and mystery!*

*Is there a Hand of Love that guides the world,  
Through all the mazes of our checkered way;  
That turns the shafts by cruel tempest hurled;  
That leads from darkness to eternal day?*

*Or does some despot rule our destiny  
With iron rod, his glory to enhance;  
Who turns Him not our pleading hands to see—  
Or are we victims of dull, aimless Chance?*

*Look down, kind Heaven, and listen to my cry!  
Wherefore the ceaseless round of human  
woe?*

*Is there a Heart of Pity in the sky?  
Whither and whence do the pitiless ages  
flow?*

Dreamed I the Master Fisherman came and,  
fishing beside me,  
Drew forth a mighty multitude out of the  
wondering waters—  
Yea, as He gathered them in He emptied the sea  
of fishes.  
Mused I beside my ripened wheat, making ready  
to reap it,  
When by my side stood the Lord of the Harvest  
and put in His sickle,  
Gathering all, the light and the full heads, into  
His garner,

Gleaning the stalks that were scattered and  
broken, to crown the glad harvest;  
Whispered my cry had reached Him, and soon  
He would answer my longing.  
Waking, the sun shone with greater glory and  
wider my vision.

Would that He to whose name I have built a  
house with mine own hands—  
Built in the hope He would send me a man to  
disclose His great goodness,  
Would He but show me clear the thought that  
has vaguely haunted  
Fishing-boat, forest, and farm, as I have wrought  
at my labors,  
Throwing a halo o'er earth and sea and the face  
of my brother,  
Making me sure that the Ruler of Heaven in  
glory supernal,  
He who hath given me bread from my farm and  
food from the ocean,  
Seedtime and harvest, friendship, home and  
fireside affection,

Must be more near than a sovereign, to breathe  
on my spirit this yearning—  
Would that the Lord might be gracious and  
bring me the light I have longed for!

So mused lone Thomas Potter, aflame with his  
high intuition,  
As, with his net well filled, like Peter's, he put  
up his tackle—  
Wanting the dayspring in whose golden light  
our souls are rejoicing.

Slowly the fog was lifted from over Cranberry  
Inlet,  
Lifted from Barnegat Bay and the tide-swept  
shore of the Jerseys.  
Poising and wheeling the seagulls rejoiced in  
freedom and plenty.  
Wafted like incense the vapors ascended to  
heaven as the sun rose,  
Matins of praise in majestic rhythm rolling in  
from the ocean—  
Prelude of worship sublime, when Day enters  
Earth's vast cathedral.

*Thou dwellest not in temples made with hands;  
Each silent mountain that majestic stands  
With mighty shoulder underneath the sky,  
Is but a pillar in Thy temple! High  
From peak to peak the aërial arches spring  
And, mounting heavenward, of Thy glory sing.*

*Beneath, vast lands and ocean spread a glittering  
floor;  
Mid-air, like hovering angels, rapturous clouds  
adore;  
The hills and woodlands, sweet with bird-song,  
soft their carols raise;  
The deep-toned cataracts and flowing rivers chant  
Thy praise;  
Winds waft the wonder of Thy name from land to  
land,  
And, where the crashing billows roll upon the  
strand,  
A ceaseless anthem rises unto Thee,  
Sounding Thy praises from eternity!*

*Nor dost Thou most delight to dwell in these,  
On purple mountain or on sapphire seas,*

*Nor in the hush of mystic woodlands fair,  
Where breathes the spring upon the trembling air;  
Nor vaulted arch nor dome Thy glories span—  
Thy habitation is the heart of man!  
This ancient shrine is Thy Most Holy Place,  
Where Thou dost meet Thy children face to face.*

Then spake the Spirit to him who for many a  
year had been waiting:

“Lift up thine eyes, O man, and behold afar in  
the offing

Yonder bark hither bound—it bears my servant  
to bless thee;

Get thee in peace to thine house, and there shalt  
thou presently greet him!”

Swift as the lover seeks his beloved, or bird her  
nestling,

Homeward strode this man of faith, and eagerly  
waited:

Waited impatient as day wore on, till the  
twilight descended.

Then through the lanes of the forest he saw a  
stranger approaching;



Broken he seemed with sorrow, yet still in his  
youth he was comely;

Watched him pause and scan the meeting-house  
as he passed it—

Built of logs well-hewn was the house, within  
wrought of sweet woods

Fragrant and pure of breath as the sacred  
Lebanon cedars,

Lifting for Israel arms of prayer through the  
desolate ages—

Watched him gaze at the ancient oaks that bent  
o'er the building,

Standing guard with sheltering arms round this  
cradle of promise,

Saw him draw near and more near, till he  
paused to speak at his threshold.

Cast on a foreign shore the sea-worn, famishing  
stranger,

Victim of contrary winds and scanty store of  
provision,

Sought as a favor a fish to buy for himself and  
his comrades.

“Nay,” spake Potter, “I will not sell what is  
mine for the taking;  
Thine is the fish for the asking, and gladly I give  
what thou cravest.  
But thee thyself would I keep; for long have  
I looked for thy coming,  
Built thee a house wherein to declare the word  
of thy Master,  
Waited and watched and expected; to-night  
shalt thou bide in my dwelling!  
While yet thy ship afar was veiled in mists of  
the morning,  
While still I mused on the shore and offered  
again my petition,  
Did not my heart within me leap at the word of  
the Spirit,  
Telling me thou wert come whom I so long  
had expected,  
Whom the Lord had sent to make known the  
truth I had longed for?  
This be thy home; thy chamber is ready, and  
truly my heart glows  
Warmly for thee, for the Lord hath told me thou  
art His servant.”

Startled as if by a bolt from the heavens, the stranger made answer:

"Nay, it may not be thus, for I sail with the first  
/ wind that favors;

Costly cargo is in my care and I may not desert it;  
But when my shipmates have eaten thy gifts and  
have satisfied hunger,

Gladly will I return and accept for the night of  
thy shelter."

"Art thou a man of God," quoth Potter, "and  
darest keep silence,

Dar'st thou break the command of thy Master  
who sends thee to bless us,  
Hiding under a bushel the light which God hath  
shown thee?"

"When the wind shifteth I go: I have said it,  
nor shalt thou delay me!

Be not deceived for never again shall my tongue  
break silence:

Nevermore face I the wrath of man, from which  
I am fleeing,

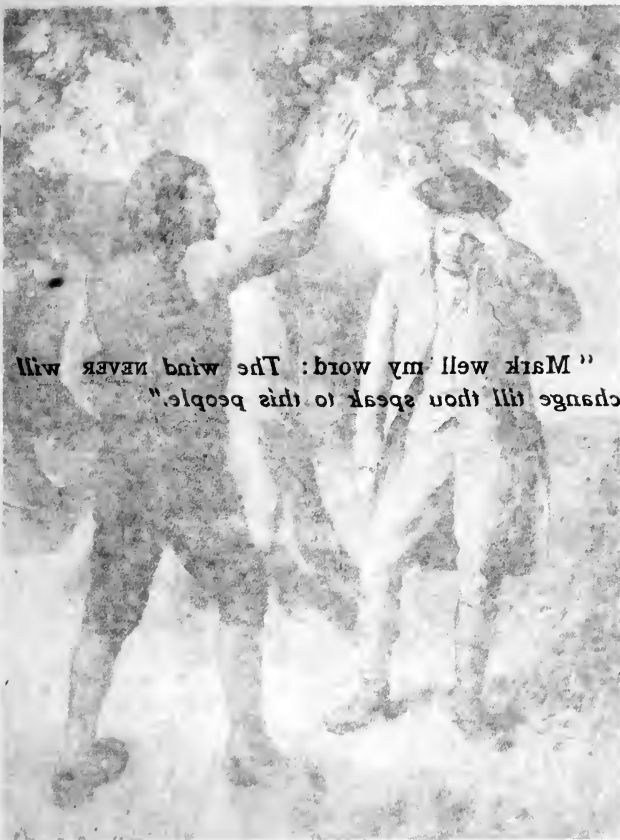
That I may hide my woe-worn heart from the  
shafts of sorrow!"

Restless the rocking sloop in the bay was riding  
at anchor,  
Breasting a strong east wind that blew inshore  
from the ocean.  
Steadily sang the wind, and steadily importuned  
Potter,  
Plead with the man of God to stay and deliver  
his message.

Standing with up-raised hand, cried the aged  
Prophet of Dayspring,  
While from his deep-set eyes bright gleamed the  
fire prophetic,  
Lighting his furrowed face and his grizzled  
beard with its radiance:  
"Mark well my word: *The wind* NEVER *will*  
*change till thou speak to this people!*"

. . . . .  
*Winds of Orient, steadfast blow !  
Do not let your captive go !  
Hold him on the waiting shore !—  
Faith's long vigil now is o'er.*

*Fog and sea-winds turn his prow ;  
Eager Faith is breathless now—*



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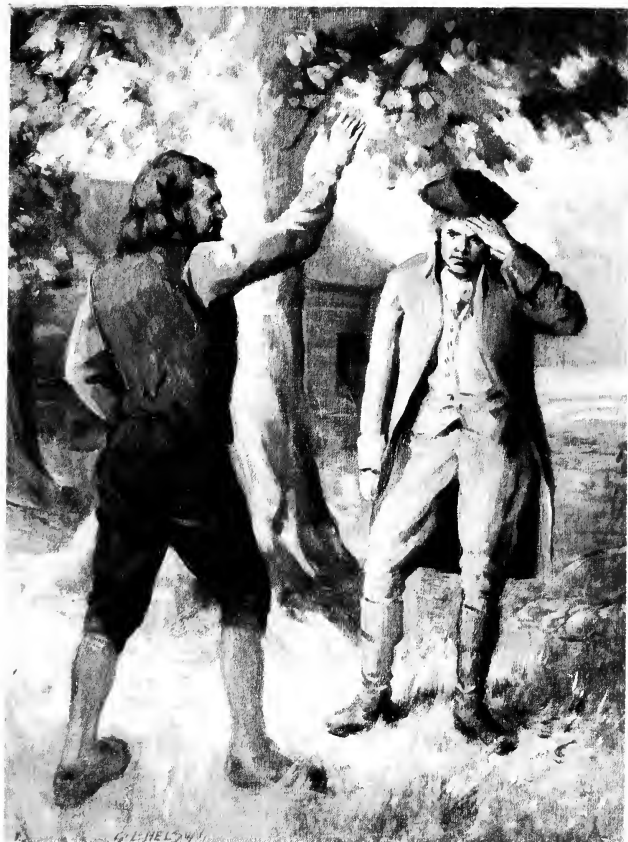
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G. L. HELD





*Soul to soul the fateful hour  
Draws with deep, mysterious power.*

*Tempests, blow your trumpets loud !*

*Shake afar your banners proud !*

*Gale and night-wrack, loud with fear,*

*Keep the storm-bound pilgrim here !*

*Mighty sea-winds, steadfast blow !*

*Long the ages toil and slow ;*

*Hope has waited long the light—*

*Sweep away the mists of night !*

*Winds of morning, hither blow—*

*Man his destiny would know—*

*From the cradle of the morn*

*On your golden pinions borne !*

*Faithful winds, oh, steadfast blow,*

*Till the Lord His mercy show !*

*Blow, winds ! Over land and sea*

*Broods the ancient mystery.*

Day after day blew the gale till now it was  
Saturday evening,  
Never it veered a point, and at last John Murray  
consented.

Then Thomas Potter rejoiced, called his men  
and quickly gave orders;  
Told them to saddle and ride in haste to summon  
the people,  
Dwellers in woodland, on farm and on shore,  
and many a league round:  
"Bid them come all," said he, "to hear the  
man I have looked for;  
Day is far spent and the Sabbath draws on—  
away, do not linger!"  
Forth sped the galloping horsemen through  
wood-lane and hamlet by moonlight,  
While the old man gave thanks that his prayer  
drew near its fulfilment.

*A leap to the saddle! Now, comrades, away! the  
news to the countryside bringing.  
We'll scour the borders of Barnegat Bay, echoes  
flying and hoof-clatter ringing!  
Forward! Forward! Tra la la! Tra  
la la! Tra la la!*

*Ride, Gabriel, south, on the Waretown trail, and  
Joshua west'ard to Whiting,*

*And I'll push to north'ard through forest and swale,  
the whole Manasquam district inviting!*

*Forward! Forward! Tra la la! Tra la  
la! Tra la la!*

*Ho, Neighbor John, I bring thee news; my master  
bids thee to meeting!*

*Come all on the morrow! Come fill the pews! Give  
the stranger a rousing good greeting!*

*Forward! Forward! Tra la la! Tra la  
la! Tra la la!*

*Wake, Captain Jones! come, prithee, wake! and  
hear the word of my master.*

*I cannot tarry, I speed must make! On Royal!  
Faster! Faster!*

*Forward! Forward! Tra la la! Tra la  
la! Tra la la!*

. . . . .

*Shut in his chamber alone, storm-swept was the  
soul of John Murray.*

*Gone were the joys of his youth, and death, the  
ruthless destroyer,*

Long since his home had invaded, and ravished  
his heart's best treasure;  
Gone were friendship and fame, and the rights  
of conscience denied him;  
Home and country abandoned, a fugitive he  
from England,  
Where excommunication had branded with  
shame his forehead.  
What would the Lord require of him here, afar  
among strangers,  
Here in this land of refuge, whither sorrow had  
driven him,  
Whither from many lands the streams of life  
were converging?  
Longed he amid the swirling tides to be lost in  
the New World,  
Where he might drown his grief, till summoned  
to follow his dear ones.  
How should he minister unto this soul who his  
coming had waited,  
One who with faith's clear vision had seen and  
rejoiced in his coming?  
Fierce the wild tumult and storm swept the  
prostrate soul of the exile!

Down the long, shadowy vista beheld he in  
mighty procession  
Kindreds and peoples forth-driven, sailing to  
regions of sunset;  
Squadrons breasting the ocean unto the haven  
of longing—  
Where dim the flame of liberty smouldered,  
ready to blaze forth—  
Unto the dream-land-bourne of the race, whither  
Hope flew before them,  
Seeking manhood to rescue from out of the  
clutch of the spoiler;  
Under a free sky seeking space for a brotherhood  
ampler,  
Saw he that God would here make known Love's  
new dispensation.  
Sore the anguish and travail-throes of the soul  
of the pilgrim,  
Bringing to birth her message supreme, Love's  
gracious evangel.

Watching his night-long vigil, the preacher  
communed with the Spirit;

Sought he the Will Divine, imploring the  
    Answering Presence;  
Grappled with fierce self-will in mortal conflict,  
    and breathless,  
Heard the shuddering olive sigh in Gethsemane's  
    darkness;  
Heard the prayer of forgiveness breathed by  
    Calvary's Martyr;  
Saw Love's pallid face, thorn-crowned, gently  
    upbraiding;  
Looked on the wounded feet, nailed fast, for him  
    ever waiting;  
Yea, and the piercèd hands, out-stretched man-  
    kind to ingather.

Long and o'erwhelming the struggle that rent  
    the soul of Love's Herald,  
Heart-break and fear of the world's cruel scorn  
    against Truth and the Spirit—  
"How shall I carry the burden that Thou hast  
    sent to this people,  
I that feared the face of man, disregarding Thy  
    summons,

I that resisted the Voice of Thy grace and fled  
from its calling?"

*Go, Herald of the Morn, fear not  
Thy message to proclaim;  
Throw light upon man's lot,  
His sorrow and his shame!  
The light that shone in Galilee  
Hath been by men obscured;  
The years have waited long for thee,  
The darkness long endured—  
Now Fear release her hold;  
Now Love Almighty make thee bold!*

*The Living Word His Spirit will impart,  
Set free thy tongue, and nerve thy shrinking heart.  
Fear not the face of man! He will defend  
His servant; He will courage lend;  
Alone He suffered many things for thee:  
The wrath of man, the shame, the agony.*

*The darkness needs the light, sorrow the comfort  
needs  
Which unto thee the Lord of Light hath shown;*

*Fear not, O man of God, thy Master own!  
Love-led shalt thou go forth, but not alone,  
He whom thou servest shall with thee abide,  
His aid and comfort ever at thy side,  
Though to the Mount of Suffering perchance He  
leads.*

*Calm all thy fears!  
The coming years  
Shall bring thee mighty fellowship:  
A countless throng  
Shall bear thee company with joyous song,  
Their steps illumined with the light which thou  
hast brought—  
Speak, Love's Apostle, speak and fear thou naught!*

Then did his soul, borne aloft in prayer, illumined, exalted,  
Rise on her wings to heights aglow with unspeakable visions:  
Saw he the age-long strife and pain of humanity ended;  
Evil destroyed by the Hand that created, its mission accomplished—



Gloom terrific, mysterious, night of the earth-  
shade averted,  
Turned from the day till it mourn for the joy  
and the splendor of sunlight!  
Spirits of men, made strong in the fight, re-  
joicing in freedom;  
Heaven and earth at one, night-shadows dis-  
solved in sunshine;  
Might of the Ancient of Days victorious, Love  
ruling all worlds!

Brooding the winds of night invited the weary  
to slumber,  
While in the tops of the trees the voice of the  
ocean, rejoicing,  
Flowed in murmuring song, and the forest re-  
peated the welcome;  
Soft the tremulous leaves and the tuneful wood-  
minstrel voices  
Welcomed the watcher lone, and breathed their  
balm on his spirit.

Pulsed through the starry vast a thrill of awe  
and of wonder

Deep as if the World's Heart, the Soul of all  
being were near by—  
Presence unseen, mysterious, waiting to make  
self-revelment,  
Nature expecting Love's Herald, her innermost  
meaning to utter.  
Spell-bound the forest glades and the night-folk  
listened and waited;  
Soft in the oak tree sighed the trembling mistle-  
toe's whisper;  
Odors of scented grass, sweet fern and rich  
pennyroyal,  
Bay leaf and crisping moss, aroma of resinous  
pine cones,  
Breath of dulse and seaweed and salt spray  
faintly borne inland,  
Blending as incense pure, bore heavenward the  
prayer of the night-breeze.

Solemn the slow constellations mounted their  
guard, mailed in glory,  
Over the place where Faith met Love, sacred  
forever,

Whence should flow a light to illumine the  
uttermost shadow.

Over the chamber of wrestling the Angel of Hope  
hung expectant.

Longing to hear her name made known to the  
faint and despairing,

Sought she some clue to unravel the mystery  
borne on the night wind,

Riddle of destiny luring and baffling the soul of  
the ages.

(Angel, sweet ally and comforter, never, ah,  
never desert us!)

Circling in flight labyrinthic and slow o'er  
Faith's hallowed rooftree,

Wove she aërial ways for love's heavenward-  
climbing petition;

Paused she to scan the deepening glow on the  
waking horizon,

Wakened by gleamings of mightier, oncoming  
aid for the wrestler.

Gliding athwart the heavens, over the slumber-  
ing nations,

Over the good and evil, over the just and the  
unjust,  
Bent archangels twain apparelled in raiment  
supernal,  
Flowing in lustrous folds like the trailing galaxy's  
glory—  
Messengers sent of Him whose face no mortal  
may look on.

Elder was one of the glorious pair than the  
spirits primeval;  
Younger his luminous mate than the seven  
mighty archangels  
Lucent with vast renown in the hierarchy of  
Heaven,  
Who, with bright squadrons unnumbered,  
immortal, as sunbeams rejoicing,  
Ever as glittering halos encircle the throne of the  
Unseen:  
Michael excelled they, the Crucifer, valiant  
commander of Heaven's host;  
Jophiel, guard of the Tree of Knowledge, also  
surpassed they;

Zadkiel, stayer of Abraham's knife, upraised on  
his own son;  
Chemuel, who with Jacob did wrestle all night  
and did bless him;  
Gabriel, bearing to Daniel clear vision, to Mary  
the lily;  
Raphael outshone they, of men potent healer,  
of youth strong protector,  
Messenger gracious; Uriel, sun-dweller dazzling,  
eclipsed they—  
These and the nine thrice-blessèd choirs to the  
twain made obeisance,  
Who forth-moving, all Heaven was a-light with  
the sheen of their glory.

Sprung from the Source of all Being, ere æons  
and cycles 'gan moving  
Round the immutable throne, Time had ne'er  
ploughed his deep furrow  
Where sat ineffable calm serene on the brow of  
the elder.  
Rivers of light the folds of his robe did radiate  
goodness,

Waking answering gleams divine in the soul of  
the creature,  
Till in the luminous flood shone the deepest  
recess of creation.  
Infinite love and compassion distilled on the  
night from his pinions,  
As in the wonder of June, from the locust tree's  
redolent clusters,  
Perfume outpours on the night-airs that brood  
over hillside and valley.

Sprung from the heart of the Son of Man, how  
gracious the younger  
Glowed with youth immortal, with joy of  
humanity's future!  
Wistfully wondering wherefore so long the  
plaint of the helpless,  
Moved by awakening powers to wrest the  
oppressed from the spoiler,  
Deep from his eyes shone the soul of all human-  
kind fathomless, regal,  
As of a god newborn, awaking to mingled  
emotions,

Pity's gentler rays amid flashes of fierce indignation,  
Deep with the travail, heart-hunger, the dreaming of long generations—  
Dreams of magnificence paling the splendor of kingly usurpers;  
Stately the domes of beneficence raised by the will of the many,  
Where in the halls of a selfish past haughty luxury flaunted  
Trappings of insolent pride in the face of the woes of the people;  
Loosened the hold of Greed, released its perishing victims,  
Thrilled by the emancipating touch of the radiant presence,  
Thrilled by the heartening rhythm of human-kind shoulder to shoulder;  
Room for the spirit of man to grow to the stature that God meant;  
Nobler largess of life 'neath the sun, and when earth is forgotten—  
Dreams, fair dreams of life more ample in store for the humblest!

Vast loomed the twain from horizon to zenith,  
filling the heavens,  
Blinding mighty Orion, Arcturus, outshining  
their splendor;  
Dimming fierce Argol, the Demon's Eye, Dragon  
and Scorpion quenching.  
Rose they with movement majestic while Joy  
ran ever before them,  
Proudly chanting pæans adown the path of  
their glory.

Through the long-arching skies antiphonal  
breathings responded,  
Bidding the sons of men awake and join in glad  
welcome;  
Luring blest souls e'en from Paradise-raptures of  
worship and high deeds,  
Souls once enslaved of the flesh, grown free and  
strong in the heavens,  
Lovers of men, companions erstwhile of our  
toil and our earth-bonds,  
Yearning more eager as slow our night rolls  
nearer their sunlight.



Summoned were powers of light to witness the  
will of the Highest:

Angels, archangels, and spirits supreme who  
stand in His presence,

Servitors clothed in apparel of lightning, His  
glory their dwelling,

Swifter than light His word to obey, in power  
resistless.

Lo, 'mid the throng, in her arms fondly bearing  
his glorified firstborn,

Bent o'er the couch of John Murray the wife of  
his youth, sore lamented,

Breathing peace on his soul and gently soothing  
its tumult.

Blossomed the air as when cherry-bloom snows  
drop silently earthward,

Borne on the wings of soft breezes of April, and  
cover the hillside.

Quivered the night with the strong restraint of  
the mighty immortals

Wheeling in myriad ranks through the multi-  
tudinous heavens,

Poising in rapt adoration, Love's gracious re-  
vealment awaiting,  
Countless as orbs of light in the midsummer  
firmament's glory.

Then like a bird sore wounded that startles the  
hush of the forest,  
Sudden heavenward rose a plaint—Mother-  
Earth pleading:

*"Lo, my children scattered far,  
Burden all the air  
With cries of long despair!*

*I feel upon my bosom fall  
Hot tears of men like rain—  
How burns my heart with pain!*

*Darkly sets each glowing star,  
Dayspring tarries long,  
Sorrow's hold is strong.*

*The offspring of my fertile womb  
Throng life's fevered quest,  
And soon in darkness rest.*

*From age to age I hear them call;  
They gasp, they reel, they die;  
Cold in my arms they lie.*

*My immemorial past a tomb,  
How mocks the glad sunshine  
These countless dead of mine!*

*Fate is cruel, man is brave;  
Waits a fairer bourne  
For the years that mourn?*

*Who my troubled sons shall save,  
Who their fetters rend,  
Who my grieving end?"*

Then a Voice filled the expectant vast with  
ecstasy: "Lo, I  
Send forth ye messengers twain to destroy the  
powers that vex Man;  
Man, my son, that of old, from eternity lay in  
my bosom,  
Waiting till slow-paced cycles should wake his  
slumber to being—  
Soul of my soul, partaker of Deity's innermost  
essence.

Over the abyss of the infinite Parent-love  
    brooded till man was;  
Till from the fathomless deep of the Heart of the  
    Infinite rose MAN;  
Rose to the struggle of Time that should fit him  
    to be my companion.

“Sound ye the doom of the demons, Fear and  
    Greed and Hatred—  
Fear that would veil His face with gloom who  
    rejoiced in creation,  
Hushing the song of joy with horror of cruel  
    foreboding,  
Alienating the heir of worlds from the Parent  
    who bore him;  
Hideous vampire Greed that would drink the  
    blood of the helpless,  
Trading in ruin of manhood, of womanhood,  
    tears of the children,  
Bartering truth and light, freedom and country  
    for gold-lust,  
Things of the flesh exalting high above things  
    of the spirit;

Hatred, implacable sower of strife, embroiling  
the nations,  
Laying earth waste with terror of cruel war's  
conflagration;  
Brother 'gainst brother, and race 'gainst race in  
turmoil unending—  
These all shall ye destroy, when they have fulfilled my permission,  
When man, my child, hath learned to resist the  
allurements of evil,  
Learned that life divine is joy, all else vain delusion.  
Go ye and bury the past, open wide the doors of  
the future;  
Go, fill the heart of man with joy of my ripening  
purpose,  
Bear him light to dispel the clouds that have  
kept us asunder;  
Cry: Love is Lord to the uttermost, Love only,  
now and forever!

"As the fierce storm-cloud, discharged of its  
menace, melting to sunshine,

Waters the frightened hills and rejoices the desert  
with verdure,  
So, through tempest and flame, lead I to Love's  
consummation.  
In that day will the Lord of Hosts make a feast  
to all people,  
He will destroy the veil that is spread o'er the  
face of all nations.  
Vast though the billows of time be, storm-vexed  
and laden with wreckage,  
Mighty pulsations of Love's Heart they flow,  
surging sunward forever  
Unto the bourne of light, of life, darkness  
forgotten.  
Lo, as a mother doth tenderly nurture her first-  
born for manhood,  
Cycle on cycle bear I creation, laid in my bosom!"

Silent the heavenly choirs hold back, the twain  
pressing forward.

Touch of the Light of Light, of creation's dread  
Sovereign the signet—  
Kissed by whose rays the night-pulse woke, in  
ecstasy throbbing—

Hovered over the breast of the elder Earth-  
filling presence

Tongues of living fire: FATHERHOOD OF THE  
ALMIGHTY.

Joy prophetic illumined the face of this herald  
archangel,

Foregleam of radiance caught from the triumph  
of Love o'er the future;

Pity paternal waiting the slow-hearted growth  
of earth's children,

Tenderly watching and sorrowing over the woes  
of the wilful,

Over the pangs of the travail of humankind  
climbing to daylight.

Shone on his godlike brow a frontal the flame  
of whose burning

Shrivelled oppression and wrong and each  
pitiless foe of the ages,

Waked the nations to light, illumined the dark-  
ness of æons—

FATHERHOOD yearning, creating, rejoicing, life-  
giving Fountain,

Law of all law, mighty Force of all force, of all  
nature the Master!

Lo, in his hand uplifted a scroll written with  
wonders  
God would make known by this heavenly visitant  
unto His children.  
Fear fled amain and sweet peace dwelt with men  
whereso lighted the glory.  
Stronger than sorrow, than travail, than death  
rose the mighty archangel,  
Manhood exalting, sonship to God showing,  
heritage royal.  
E'en harassed Nature found refuge secure  
'neath his wide-spread pinions.  
Poured on the fields of night new life flowed  
ever before him,  
Quickening desert long dead, solitude thirst-  
stricken, blasted,  
Stunted and storm-swept growth on terrible  
regions of famine,  
Thick strown with wreckage of ages, sin-cursed  
and scarred with destruction—  
Life, more abounding life rolled its flood, reviving  
creation,  
Making the wilderness drear to bloom with rose  
and lily,



Barren regions joyful singing with blossom and  
fruitage,  
Surging—resistless tide!—adown the shore of  
the ages.

Forth from the palms of the younger a soft light  
earthward was streaming,  
Sweeter than early dawn to eyes that have wept  
through the long night.  
Writ on his hands, wide-extended, BROTHER-  
HOOD shone like a pearl's glow  
Streaming to all mankind, as he waited the word  
of Love's Herald.  
Wheresoe'er passed the breath of the robes of  
the younger archangel  
Weary eyes of pain looked up at the light with  
glad hope,  
Captives of grim despair wondered as day woke  
the dungeon,  
Victims of tempest-throe and horrible earth-  
convulsion,  
Victims of war's dread carnage, lifted weak  
hands for succor;

Races of men long estranged drew nigh with  
greetings fraternal,  
Conscious of might erstwhile unknown, new-  
born of their union,  
Powers stupendous awaiting the welding of all  
men in love's bonds—  
Whereso fell gracious light from his palms van-  
ished age-long shadows.

Hid in his robe, on his heart, lay a precious vial  
of healing,  
Balm distilled from flowers that gladden the  
meadows of Heaven,  
Sprung from seed of the lily that whitened on  
Galilee's lakeside,  
Seed of the blood-red rose of the thorn of  
Calvary's passion,  
Blossoms gathered by hands of the blest for love's  
pure alembic.  
Olive and oak intertwined on the brow of the  
lord of the future.  
Followed close in his light young Peace and  
Strength, rejoicing,

Bearers of gifts undreamed from the treasure-house of the Father.

As now the mighty pair drew nigh where the  
Pilgrim was pleading,  
Into his soul flowed fast new strength and peace  
and the air seemed  
Tremulous with life. Then the elder archangel,  
down-stooping,  
Touched his eyes and, vision expanding, saw he  
the whole world  
Lie in the bosom of God, in the arms of the  
Heavenly Father.  
Touched then the younger archangel the heart  
of Love's Apostle.  
Coursed through his veins new warmth of life,  
new love for the neighbor,  
Till the whole world was transfigured in fellowship strong and enduring.

Then the Pilgrim to hearten the mighty visitants  
whispered:

"Thou who hast seen the glory wherewith Love  
Almighty hath clothed us,

Make us known to the sons of men, O Herald of  
Dayspring!

Thou who hast put thy hand to the plough,  
turn thou back never!

Up and down this Land of the Future drive thy  
furrow,

Wherein the seed of light shall be sown by the  
Master Sower;

Seed that shall grow to harvest—abundant  
fruit of thy labor.

We will reap for the Master's glory, when thou  
hast departed,

Full of years and scarred with toil for the mighty  
World Saviour."

Soft from the dome of night breathed down  
melodious measures,

Song of rejoicing hosts come forth to speed the  
archangels:

As though a fresh-budding rose were each  
rapturous voice of the chorus,

Wafting her delicate fragrance afar on the soft-  
blowing summer—

Dream of the land of the sun, whose odorous  
orange groves murmur  
Unto the frozen north, rejoicing the heart of  
the winter;  
Soul of the stately pine, harp of whispering  
branches  
Breathing æolian mysteries, storm-blown aerial  
trumpets  
Soaring, on-rush of seas in the chant of the winds  
and the forest;  
Myriad hillsides murmuring madrigals, ice-  
fettters melting;  
Myriad rivulets tunefully carolling down to the  
sea's arms;  
Spell of the waking dawn, mellow-toned robin  
and wood thrush  
Filling the tremulous air with orisons heralding  
dayspring—  
Vain, all in vain, sweet symphonies, vain all your  
ravishing voices,  
Striving to echo the ineffable joy that now  
blossomed in Heaven!

## VOICES OF THE HEAVENLY HOST

Come forth to bid the two mighty archangels—the elder bearing on his breast that most holy name, FATHERHOOD OF THE ALMIGHTY, the younger on his palms the blessed name of BROTHERHOOD—Godspeed on their heartening mission to Love's Herald, who is agonizing in night-long supplication at the home of the aged Prophet, and thence proceeding for the uplift and inspiration of the world:

*First Voice.*

*Second Voice.*

*Chorus of Angels without Number.*

*The Nine Thrice Blessed Choirs.*

*Innumerable Voices of the Blessed.*

*Seven Archangels Chanting.*

*Mother of All Living.*

*Venerable Patriarch.*

*Lofty Seer.*

*Voice of the Hoary Past.*

*Voice of Progress in Times to Be.*

*Apostle of the Gentiles.*

*Voices of the Dead of All Ages.*

*Voices of Generations yet Unborn.*

*Voices of Air and Sea and Earth.*

*Universal Pæan.*

*The Two Great Archangels Chanting, as they  
Proceed on their Way.*

## FIRST VOICE

"Who is this that cometh, that cometh with tidings? Tell me, O ye children of the morning, watching at the gates of Paradise!"

## SECOND VOICE

"'T is Love's Apostle, sent of the Almighty. Alleluia! Love Almighty reigneth!"

## FIRST VOICE

"Sing unto the Lord a new song and His praise from the ends of the earth! Sing, ye heavenly hosts, in Him rejoicing! Alleluia!"

## CHORUS OF ANGELS WITHOUT NUMBER

*"Sing, glad heavens, rejoice and sing;  
Wide for Love the portals fling!  
Love no more His face shall hide,  
Tell the tidings far and wide;  
Tell the lowliest of the race!  
Love for him hath kept a place!  
Alleluia! Alleluia!"*

## SECOND VOICE

"Awake, psaltery and harp; sing unto Him a new song! The chariots of God are twenty thousands and thousands of angels."

## FIRST VOICE

"Yea, and the voice of many angels round about the throne, ten thousand times ten thousand."

## CHORUS OF ANGELS WITHOUT NUMBER

*"Let no longer fear appall,  
High the Cross is reared for all.  
Joy shall from the heavens o'erflow,  
Light shall rise for all below.  
Unconditioned Love is free:  
Show the ancient mystery.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!"*

## SECOND VOICE

"There is a river the streams whereof make glad the city of our God."



## FIRST VOICE

“Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters!”

## THE NINE THRICE-BLESSED CHOIRS CHANTING

“Thou makest us to drink of the stream of Thy joy: for with Thee is the fountain of life.”

## INNUMERABLE VOICES OF THE BLESSED

“In Thy light do we see light, O Thou who coverest Thyself with light, as with a garment!”

## CHORUS OF ANGELS WITHOUT NUMBER

*“Guard the Pilgrim’s lonely prayer,  
Guard his vigil from despair,  
Angels twain, his heart inspire,  
Light within him heavenly fire;  
Cheer the servant of the Lord,  
Gird him with the Spirit’s sword!  
Alleluia! Alleluia!”*

## FIRST AND SECOND VOICES

"See the Son of Man enthroned beside His Father! Alleluia!

Love's Apostle cometh His sure triumph to proclaim. Alleluia!"

## THE SEVEN ARCHANGELS CHANTING

"For He must reign until He hath put all things under His feet!"

## THE NINE THRICE-BLESSED CHOIRS CHANTING

"Wherefore God hath highly exalted Him and hath given Him a name which is above every name."

## THE SEVEN ARCHANGELS CHANTING

"Victor over all His foes triumphant. Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!"

## CHORUS OF ANGELS WITHOUT NUMBER

*"Fly with earth-embracing wing,  
Heaven and earth together bring!"*

*Sons of men, awake from sleep;  
Love doth tireless vigil keep!  
Waiteth Love from age to age,  
Till ye find your heritage.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!"*

## SINGETH ONE MOTHER OF ALL LIVING

"Behold, I bring you comfort, O my children!  
Said not the Almighty that my Seed should  
crush the serpent's head?"

## SINGETH THE VENERABLE PATRIARCH

"Upon the plains of Mamre came the promise  
unto me: In thy Seed shall all the families and  
kindreds of the earth be blessed."

## SINGETH THE LOFTY SEER

"Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith your  
God. For ye shall go out with joy, and be led  
forth with peace:  
The mountains and hills shall break forth before  
you into singing, and all the trees of the field  
shall clap their hands.

Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree,  
and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle  
tree.

The glory of the Lord shall be made manifest,  
and all flesh shall see it together."

CHORUS OF ANGELS WITHOUT NUMBER

*"Hear the ancient promise, hear!  
Banish doubt, ye slaves of fear!  
Love hath treasures vast, untold;  
Rises light, behold, behold!  
Long the travail of the night—  
Now behold the morning light!  
Alleluia! Alleluia!"*

VOICE OF THE HOARY PAST AWAKENING AS FROM  
SLEEP

"What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?  
And the son of man, that Thou visitest him?"

VOICE OF THE TIMES TO BE REJOICING IN THE  
LIGHT

"For Thou hast made him but little lower than  
God.

And crownest him with glory and honor.  
Thou madest him to have dominion over the  
works of Thy hands;  
Thou hast put all things under his feet."

THEN THE SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL ANSWERING  
THE VOICE OF THE HARP

"O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good:  
For His mercy endureth forever.  
Yea, the burning of His love is a consuming fire  
Which naught may quench.  
Praise ye the Lord from the heavens;  
Praise Him in the heights.  
Praise ye Him, all His angels:  
Praise ye Him, all His hosts.  
Praise ye Him, sun and moon:  
Praise Him, all ye stars of light.  
Praise the Lord from the earth,  
Ye dragons and all deeps:  
Fire and hail; snow and vapors;  
Stormy wind fulfilling His word:  
Mountains, and all hills;  
Fruitful trees, and all cedars:  
Beasts, and all cattle;

Creeping things, and flying fowl:  
Kings of the earth, and all people;  
Princes, and all judges of the earth:  
Both young men, and maidens;  
Old men, and children:  
Let them praise the name of the Lord:  
For His name alone is excellent;  
His glory is above the earth and heaven."

THE GREAT APOSTLE OF THE GENTILES SINGETH

"Love never faileth.  
For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall  
all be made alive."

ANSWER THE INNUMERABLE DEAD OF ALL CLIMES  
OF ALL THE AGES CHANTING THIS SONG OF  
TRIUMPH

"As we have borne the image of the earthy we  
shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

CHORUS OF ANGELS WITHOUT NUMBER

*"Though man's warfare long endure,  
Pledged the Cross, the triumph sure.  
Sing the ancient mystery:*

*Love's transcendent gift is free.  
Love's free gift no price may buy;  
Sing aloud, rejoicing cry!  
Alleluia! Alleluia!"*

MURMUR AFAR AS 'T WERE A SONG OF CHILDREN  
DREAMING VOICES OF COUNTLESS GENERA-  
TIONS SPIRITS YET UNBORN

"If we go forth from God, obedient to His word,  
in earthly tabernacles for a while to dwell, we  
shall return again unto our Father's home."

VOICES OF AIR AND EARTH AND SEA REJOICING

"Awake, O North wind; and come thou South;  
Blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof  
may flow out!

Let the sea roar and the fulness thereof:  
Let the fields rejoice and all that is therein.  
Let the floods clap their hands,  
Let the hills be joyful together!"

CHORUS OF ANGELS WITHOUT NUMBER

*"Sing, glad heavens, and all therein!  
Love is Lord of Death and Sin."*

*Tarry not, archangels twain!  
Haste with balm for Earth's long pain!  
Risen Saviour, Thine shall be  
Universal victory! Alleluia!  
Alleluia! Alleluia!"*

THROUGH ALL THE HEAVENS MELODIOUS WITH  
PRAISE RISES A MIGHTY PÆAN LED BY HIM  
TO WHOM THE VISION CAME ON PATMOS

"And every creature which is in the heavens, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying: Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.

The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever."

CHANTETH THE ELDER ARCHANGEL PROCEEDING  
ON HIS MISSION

"His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father.



One God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all."

CHANTETH THE YOUNGER ARCHANGEL  
RESPONDING

"And hath made of one blood all nations of men  
for to dwell on all the face of the earth.  
God is their Father, though Abraham be ignorant  
of them, and Israel acknowledge them not: the  
Lord is their Father and Redeemer;  
His name is from everlasting."

. . . . .

While yet the heights were glowing with light of  
the sweet-voiced immortals,  
Darkness and clouds of earth in mountainous  
ranges lay brooding  
All the horizon, slowly up-climbing, obscuring  
the vision.  
Then on sleeping Earth fell rain in soft bene-  
diction—  
Fell on the just and the unjust forgetful of joy  
and of sorrow.  
Forth from pavilions of darkness, in radiant  
silver apparelled,

Glided the moon, unveiled her face and, kissing  
the rain drops,  
Changed them, with magical touch, to jewels  
trembling in mid-air—  
Diamond, amethyst, ruby and sapphire, emerald,  
topaz,  
Showered on evil and good, their largess of in-  
finite treasure!  
Lo, in the night then a wonder! Behold, the  
herald archangels  
Faded from visible form, and, in place of their  
vanishing glory,  
Bent o'er the darkling world a rainbow! Infinite  
promise  
Glowed in the heavens as slumbering Earth  
'gan to wake from her dreaming.

. . . . .  
*On her stupendous axle turned,  
The earth from darkness moves away;  
The candle to the socket burned,  
Is lost amid the light of day.*  
. . . . .

Fleeing the night-birds cried: "It is dawn, it is  
dawn," and the shadows

Westward crept as the sun, robed in splendor  
of sea mists,  
Ushered the Day of the Lord, the birthday of  
Love's new evangel.





HUSHED was the meeting-house which  
Potter had builded at Good Luck,  
Whither from far and near had come at his  
glad invitation  
Husbandmen, seafaring men, and fishermen  
bronzed by the sea wind,  
Aged men and women, youths and maidens and  
children,  
Gathered to hear the stranger their neighbor so  
long had expected.  
There, in the midst, in his high-backed pew,  
surrounded by kinsfolk,  
Waited the aged prophet, in faith heroic and  
dauntless,  
Trusting the Lord had sent a man to sate his  
heart-hunger.  
Awed, in expectation, they looked on the face  
of the preacher,

“Awed, in expectation, they looked on the face of  
the preacher.  
Silent and wistful gazed, as slowly the travel-  
worn pilgrim  
Rose erect in his place, his love-laden hands  
wide out-stretching.”



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Silent and wistful gazed, as slowly the travel-  
worn pilgrim  
Rose erect in his place, his love-laden hands  
wide out-stretching.  
Dim were his eyes with tears and choked his  
voice with emotion,  
As with utterance low, he spake to the people  
assembled:  
"Brethren, to you have I come a homeless man  
and a stranger;  
Weary and tempest-tossed, the Lord hath  
brought me among you.  
Fleeing, like Jonah of old, I sought to escape  
from His presence,  
Sought, 'mid weltering seas or the fastness depth  
of the forest,  
Some far refuge to find from the Voice demand-  
ing my service.  
But while disheartened, I sought to evade the  
command of my Master,  
One among you hath built this house to the  
name of Jehovah,  
Waiting in hope through patient years of long  
disappointment,

Trusting the Lord would here make known  
the truth he had longed for.

Now in this holy place, made sacred by faith in  
His promise,  
Fairer in His pure sight—though built of the  
trees of the forest—  
Fairer than gilded shrines, resplendent with  
trophies of conquest,  
Here in this home of Love proclaim I the word  
of my Master:

Faithful is He whom I serve, and none may hope  
to elude Him.  
Whether in crowded mart, or here on the edge  
of the ocean,  
Ever Almighty Love doth follow each wander-  
ing footstep.

Long have ye dwelt in dread of the pitiless  
wrath of Jehovah,  
Wrath of a despot enthroned who could reprobate  
for His glory  
Innocent babes unborn and countless myriad  
heathen—

Wayward sons or daughters, a lover from maid  
torn asunder,  
Or from her husband's side the wife of his youth  
well belovèd,  
Hurled to helpless perdition while saints rejoice  
in their torment—  
Hideous dream of despair, maligning the gospel  
of Jesus,  
Shrouding the earth with gloom and the sun  
with fearsome shadows!  
Long have ye trembled in fear and sought to  
make good your election,  
If ye might haply escape with a remnant from  
doom everlasting.  
Know ye, the Lord hath never decreed this  
terrible bondage,  
Fairer the word of His grace: He sends me to  
bring you good tidings,  
Sends me to bear His word of healing and sweet  
consolation.  
Know ye that God is Love, that all mankind are  
His children,  
Know ye that Love is strong and may not by  
evil be vanquished.

Love is the life of the world and moves all its  
mystical forces—

Infinite Being transfusing and clothing Himself  
in Creation—

Love murmurs low in the whispering wind and  
cries in the tempest;

Moans on the inlet bar and chants through the  
pine-trees yonder.

Love is Master of all. The thunder and light-  
ning and whirlwind,

Smiting the terrified earth and upheaving the  
ocean's wild billows,

Be but the servants of Love, to work His  
mysterious purpose.

He whom as despot ye served is waiting to wel-  
come His children.

Labor to grasp the vision that rose in the mind  
of the Maker

When from the darkness evolving creation He  
summoned earth's millions,

That He might joy in communion and bliss of  
innumerable offspring—

Beauty the offspring of Order, Harmony master  
of Chaos!

Vision sublime, love-crowned: brother to brother  
united,

Humankind risen to God, and earth the glad  
portal of Heaven,

Deity one with man, infinite regions before  
him

Beckon his homeward steps, inviting to bound-  
less attainment—

Vision majestic, eternal, purpose and goal of  
creation!

Fear not the evils of life, O brethren, Love is our  
Parent,

And for the least of His children yearneth  
Almighty Compassion.

Brethren all are we, and though in our brief  
earthly sojourn

Evil and sore be our lot, though grief and mis-  
fortune despoil us,

Yea, though sin assail and bind us in horrible  
bondage,

Be not dismayed! Ye sons of the Highest,  
immortal your birthright!  
Hard though life's pilgrimage be, 'tis the path-  
way unto our Sure Home;  
'Tis the beginner's school, where the Father is  
teaching His children.  
Be of good heart, O my brethren, Love Almighty  
is Master!

Evermore, age by age the Infinite Spirit through  
nature's  
Myriad voices hath striven the whispered mes-  
sage to utter.  
But our dull ears refuse to hear and the sighing  
wind passes.  
Sunrise and sunset glory, the splendor of noon,  
tender starlight,  
Vainly their message rehearse, and the solemn  
chant of the ocean.  
Misunderstood their mystical breathings, the  
mind of the creature  
Pictures vast portents of terror, and gropes in  
shadowy mazes.

Then in the fulness of time the gracious Heart  
of Creation

Utters the burden of love for His own in articu-  
late numbers—

Breathes in the voice of the Son of Man the  
Goodness eternal.

Out from those wistful eyes looks forth the Soul  
of the Unseen;

Out from the infinite depths Love Almighty  
gazes upon us,

Waiting for wayward man to answer the voice  
of His calling,

Calling from deep to deep in tones of infinite  
longing!

Earnestly follow and cleave unto Him who  
sought us in sorrow,

That He might make us kings and priests unto  
God and His Father;

Who through obedience conquered, through  
meekness subduing the nations.

He, the Long Promised, is Abraham's Seed, in  
whom hath Jehovah

Sworn He would surely bless all families, kindreds, and nations,  
Unto His servant Jacob the covenant also confirming—  
Making Him Heir of the world, as also saith the apostle.  
Abraham staggered not e'en at this promise, nor should ye, my brethren,  
Ye whom the Lord hath set in families, ye and your kindred.  
Trust in the Patriarch's Seed, in whom by the oath of Jehovah  
All mankind, by the gift of His grace, shall partake of the promise;  
Rest in the Lord, my brethren, we all be heirs of His goodness.  
And lest this promise, so vast, should stagger the faith of the creature,  
Unto the patriarchs made He an oath. Yea, Almighty Jehovah  
Sware by Himself His word to fulfil—He could swear by no greater!  
Ye who have found not the peace and happiness that your souls pant for;



Who but few blessings of time and of sense have,  
look upward and forward!

Here tribulation awaits you, but patience! to  
you is the promise.

When the wild storms of life wreck your hopes  
with sore tribulation,

Think on the promise! When families parted  
be, poverty presses,

Think on the promise! And in the last hour,  
when earth is fast fading,

Rest in the promise of blessing to come, on the  
oath of Jehovah!

*Alas, it is a heavy toll that man hath paid of  
woe!*

*But there is One who maketh whole, who light for  
all doth sow.*

*The floods are lifting high their voice, the rivers  
chanting flow;*

*Mountain and vale with song rejoice—shall I the  
joy forego?*

Now when the times were fulfilled that the  
Seed upon earth should be dwelling,

Filled with compassion for men, for their weakness,  
    their sin and their sorrow;  
When dark athwart His path loomed the Cross,  
    undismayed by its shadow,  
Cried He, made He that promise so pregnant  
    with blessing for mankind:  
Unto me, I will draw all men, if I from the earth  
    be up-lifted!

Into the Heart that was pierced on Calvary  
    mankind was crowded;  
As saith the prophet: Behold the Lord maketh  
    the earth to be empty!  
Yea, all mankind, their sin and their shame held  
    the heart of the GOD-MAN—  
Where, He, between earth and heaven, in agony  
    died for our healing.  
*Man* sought He, *man* hath He promised to find,  
    ere He cease from His labors:  
*Man* be he never so lowly, unthankful or sunken  
    in evil—  
Room had His great heart for all, yea, His word  
    hath He given for their ransom.

Ye too be heirs of His promise; for you is He  
patiently waiting,  
Ye and your children's children, to uttermost  
dim generations.

Clothed with all power in Earth and in Heaven,  
*dared He to trust love!*—

Love this Mighty One chose for our healing.  
Love never faileth!

Shall *we* not surely trust love, when dealing one  
with another?

Lover of men is He; withhold not your hearts  
from His keeping.

He that was dead is risen and liveth forever  
among us,

Moving, inspiring, communing and leading  
from glory to glory.

Love incarnate in flesh, humanity's ultimate  
Flower.

Ever the Sent of God, of every creature the  
Firstborn,

Leadeth to life everlasting each soul that the  
Lord hath created.

Courage, O Heart of Man! lo, Brotherhood's  
    banner uplifted,  
Sonship to God thy heritage, fear not, thine is  
    the future!

Saviour undaunted by powers of evil, almighty  
    to save men,  
Longed-for Messiah, Anointed, Emmanuel seen  
    of the prophets;  
Son of the Highest, the lowly Companion and  
    Brother of sinners,  
Thou shalt deliver the world from its bondage  
    to sin and its sorrow!

Life-Giver, Light of the World, Redeemer and  
    Guide of the Ages,  
None from Thy flock shall be lost when at last  
    Thou shalt rest from Thy labors.  
Yoke-fellow Thou of the weak, uplifting the  
    burden that crushes,  
Showing to grief new joy and rending the  
    sepulchre's portal—  
Mighty art Thou whom I serve, World-Saviour,  
    triumphant, eternal!"

Then they all sang a hymn, the preacher leading  
the singing,  
Line by line the words before the singers pro-  
nouncing:

*Creator of the land and sea,  
Our souls in adoration bow  
Before Thy might and majesty  
And supplicate a blessing now.*

*Touch Thou our hearts with living fire,  
Almighty Love upon us shine;  
Outpour Thy Spirit and inspire  
Our lives to make them wholly Thine.*

*Come dwell with us, Emmanuel,  
The Dayspring's foregleam let us see;  
Master of death, of sin, of Hell,  
World-Saviour, haste Thy victory!*

Like to the gentle dew that sparkles, rejoicing  
in sunrise,  
Peace they had never known distilled on the  
hearts of his hearers,

While in accents low he led them in prayer to  
their Father.

. . . . .

Then Thomas Potter embraced John Murray in  
sight of the people,

Crying: "My prayers are answered this day of  
days of my whole life!"

. . . . .

Lo, as the people departed, a sailor came running  
and breathless,

Shouting: "Ahoy, Supercargo, ahoy! the Captain  
is fuming,

Waiting impatient to sail; for while thou wast  
preaching *the wind changed!*"

. . . . .

Through the long after years of wanderings,  
hardship, and sorrow,

Bearing the message of Infinite Grace, Love's  
fearless Apostle

Faced revilings and scorn, and the chilling lot  
of the outcast,

Led by the voice of the Man of Sorrow, whose  
footsteps he followed,

Shame despising for greater joy of the Master's  
triumph.

His were mighty companions twain through the  
long years of travail:

Ever with ægis wing the archangel FATHERHOOD  
hovered

Round his lone path, while BROTHERHOOD's  
light the way illumined.

Rapt, on his deep-voiced shore, the agèd Prophet  
of Good Luck

Wistful gazed afar at the steps of him he had  
longed for;

Waited serene the summons divine to loftier  
worship

Where Love Almighty, for whom he had builded,  
waited his coming;

Where his pure soul no temple should need,  
lost in love's adoration.



THESE ALL DIED IN FAITH NOT HAVING RECEIVED  
THE PROMISES BUT HAVING SEEN THEM  
AFAR OFF

*Give glory to the Lord of Hosts,  
Enthroned in light above,  
And glory to the valiant souls  
Who dared proclaim His love;*

*Whose faith Almighty Love declared  
Supreme o'er every foe;  
Emmanuel, Victor Absolute  
Of death, of sin, of woe.*

*A feeble folk and few they were,  
Who mighty witness bore;  
Our fathers sowed in tears, that we  
Might reap abundant store.*



*The Church they leavened with new life,  
Whose light is breaking fast;  
That shall illumine sin's long night,  
And heal the world at last!*





JOHN MURRAY COMFORTETH DESPAIR

*“Fond mother, wherefore dost thou grieve;  
Why fall thy tears like rain?  
So sweet the babe lies on thy breast,  
Thy heart should know no pain.*

*“Hath some dark spectre cast his gloom  
Where love’s clear light should glow?  
Dost fear for thy children poverty;  
Or hast some deeper woe?”*

*“Kind sir, I fear not poverty,  
Nor ever have we lacked bread;  
There lurks no spectre in my home;  
Nor mourn I for the dead.*

*"In earthly love I rest secure;  
Like springtime round me bloom  
My children eight, yet I shuddering wait,  
In dread of eternal doom!*

*"They blossom sweeter than the rose;  
They are more than life to me;  
But I dare not expect that they all are elect—  
Oh, the heart-break, the agony!*

*"Nor dare I arrogantly think  
His glory 't would magnify  
All mine to save from the fiery wave,  
Where so many He passeth by.*

*"Stranger, I know no rest from fear  
Of my firstborn's piercing cry;  
When moans the night I wake in fright  
For my child, lost eternally!"*

*He showed her how the Blessèd One  
All humankind would make whole,  
By His pain and loss on the bitter Cross—  
But the iron had pierced her soul!*

*Then the man of God opened Holy Writ,  
And his eye fell on the page:  
"Lo, the fruit of the womb is His reward;  
Children His heritage."*

*The mother clasped her babe more close  
And soothed its waking cry,  
With a thrill of delight, as hope's glimmering light  
Awoke in her tear-dimmed eye.*

*She conned the Scripture o'er and o'er;  
Her smiles dispelled her tears;  
"These children mine, Good Lord, are thine—  
Then begone my faithless fears!"*

*Again met the mother and man of God,  
When a half score years had fled;  
With rapturous voice did she still rejoice  
That her heart he had comforted.*



IN THE FIRMAMENT OF HIS POWER

*Strong in gravitation's might  
Countless orbs that wheel the void  
Thread their mazy paths of light,  
Lest they, swerving, be destroyed.  
Ruled by love all worlds are swayed,  
From Love's hand they may not fall;  
Be not, anxious soul, dismayed;  
Love is strong to care for all.*

*By this power mysterious held,  
Dimmest star, to man unknown,  
Rolls secure, though distance-quelled;  
Safe with Him who guards His own.  
So the sin-scarred soul, undone,  
Dimmer than the faintest star,  
To destruction may not run;  
Held by Love, though straying far.*

*Sprung from God, to God we tend;  
Love immutable is strong  
All His children to defend  
From the blight of sin and wrong.  
Life immortal is our goal;  
Though sin's death may long endure,  
Life shall triumph in each soul,  
Love Divine sin's hurt shall cure!*





ALL SOULS ARE MINE

*Lay we this erring one to rest  
In the arms of Mother Earth;  
Finished the long and fevered quest—  
A new world gives him birth.*

*What unimagined word shall thrill  
The waking, wondering soul;  
What powers of Love unknown shall fill  
The air to make him whole*

*We know not, but the word is sure,  
That Christ shall Victor be;  
That sin shall pass, and Love endure  
Through all eternity!*



## THE LILAC BUSH

*In my hand I hold a spray  
Of lilac sought when early day  
Was fresh with dew, and all the air  
Was redolent of odors fair.*

*Winter-long, through storm and cold,  
Peeping buds the spring foretold;  
At my window, undismayed,  
Bid my heart be unafraid.*

*As I wrought from day to day  
Looked the buds upon my toil;  
Soothed my spirit, called away  
From life's labor, fret, and moil.*

*Now the stem's fair children form  
A cluster, as when bees, a-swarm*



*For teeming flight, afar would roam  
To found anew a murmuring home.*

*Each little blossom in its place  
Found waiting its appointed space;  
The stem a wealth of beauty wreathed,  
As ONE the spray its fragrance breathed;*

*The while each tiny floret lent  
Its meed of perfume and of grace.  
Amid the bloom I hid my face,  
In ecstasy of joy content!*

*As all my being fragrance drank,  
Into my soul the vision sank  
Of humankind, the mystery  
Of human solidarity.*

*And is each life a life alone;  
Or is our race a cluster fair  
Of bloom that scents heaven's fostering air—  
A swarm for larger mansions flown?*

*And is this cluster that we see  
God's only flower; or may there be,  
Upon Life's wondrous tree so high,  
Infinite blossoms in the sky?*



### THE APPLE-TREE

*Housed and clothed and daintily fed,  
What to me are the burdened years  
That into silence long have fled,  
With their turmoil, dust, and forgotten tears!  
From winter's cold and summer's heat,  
My sheltered life is kept secure;  
Nor storm upon my head may beat,  
Nor grinding hardship I endure.*

*Limned on the night-gloom round my bed,  
Behold an ancient apple-tree  
Whose branches arch above my head,  
Fragrant with bloom, and fair to see!*

*Anon, by vernal breezes strown,  
The blossoms drifted on the night;  
And, where so late sweet buds had blown,  
Hung coral and gold in clusters bright.*

*A wonder of the grafting art,  
Each limb a various apple bore;  
In each the gnarled trunk had part,  
Whose blood outpoured the fertile store.*

*I plucked, I ate—my members all  
Waxed light and strong with prowess new;  
I felt the galling fetters fall,  
Freedom before me, beckoning, flew!*

*Again I reached a tempting limb,  
Low bending with its luscious load—  
Fled from the world night-shadows dim;  
Light streamed upon man's darkling road!*

*Eager the fairest fruit I found  
And, as I ate, Love took my hand  
And, shedding joyance all around,  
Led to a vast and radiant land*

*Where all men were as brothers, where  
As they passed together on the way,  
For the weak the strong did burdens bear  
Toward their waiting home in the realms of  
day.*

*While deep I pondered, wondering,  
A presence stood beside my bed,  
With sun-lit face and folded wing,  
And with voice of thrilling accent said:*

*Prize well the fruit of this mighty tree,  
Nurtured with toil of untold years;  
Fed by the Fathers' blood for thee,  
And long time watered by their tears!*





### LOVE-LED

*O searcher of the maze of thought,  
Whose tangled systems intertwine,  
Behold the touchstone Christ hath wrought,  
The talisman of Love Divine!*

*The sun o'erwhelms our feeble fires,  
Dispelling fear and gloom of night;  
So Love the vexèd soul inspires  
To grasp the truth, with clearer sight.*

*The simple seeker after God,  
With Love to lead as Polar Star,  
Shall traverse fields divine untrod  
By seer and sage more learned far.*

*Intuitive the heart perceives  
The deep foundations God hath laid;  
The Love-led soul Heaven's truth receives,  
Where tangled systems are dismayed.*



## RESURGAT

*Sleep, Potter, sleep!  
Love will keep  
Thy memory green.  
For we have seen  
In larger measure that thou longedst for,  
As through the opening heavens' ampler door,  
On us the light hath streamed  
Which unto thee so precious seemed.*

*Man of Faith, sleep well!  
That thou so long ago didst wait so patiently,  
Urging thy plea for all humanity,  
The Church of Christ now gladdens, as the light  
Breaks slowly through the shadows of the past  
Upon her eyes at last! at last!*

*The while, with face irradiate, she greets the rising  
sun—*

*The day supreme for man begun,  
When he shall see his Father's face,  
And brotherhood transform the race—  
While joy abounds where long hath brooded night.*

*Lone watcher for the light, sleep well !  
The coming years shall tell  
Thy simple story :  
How thy purpose never altered,  
How thy courage never faltered  
How, the Spirit's whisper heeding,  
Thou, obedient to His leading,  
Didst await the coming glory ;  
How the light  
Burst upon thy sight !  
How thou didst rejoice  
When at last a voice,  
Sent of God,  
That heralded the Morning Star,  
Rising all the world to lighten,  
Rising man's dark lot to brighten,  
Love Divine proclaimed as Master—*

*Love, o'erflowing wider, faster,  
Like a tide triumphant, pouring in  
Upon the world, to wash away its sin;  
Surging into every sea and gulf and bay with  
mighty sweep,  
Filling each thirsty pool and inlet, making shallows  
deep,  
Sea-weed and marsh-grass, brake and eager sedge  
Full drinking at the bountiful water's edge—  
Love Almighty unconditioned, free,  
Life imparting to the famished soul,  
Life imparting to the mighty whole,  
Leading man to his high destiny!*

*Prophet of light, sleep well!  
Thy spirit shall not sleep,  
But, onward marching, keep  
Our souls a-flame,  
And to thy name  
Shall love's soft requiem swell  
Above the sod  
Where lies this patient seeker after God.*

*If thou couldst build a house for Him whose light*



*Shone dimly on thy sight,  
Cheering thy lonely path with radiance from afar,  
Shall not we, whose eyes behold the Morning Star  
Risen in fuller splendor,  
Flooding earth with foregleams of the coming day,  
Nobler temples build  
And wider service render,  
Till this great land and every land be filled  
With truth's pure light, 'neath the World-Saviour's  
    sway;  
The long, long night of anguish flee away,  
And earth look forward to a heavenly bourne  
Where dwells immortal Joy, where Grief forgets  
    to mourn;  
Where Truth, transfigured in our risen Lord,  
Shall make us free, rejoicing in the Word!*

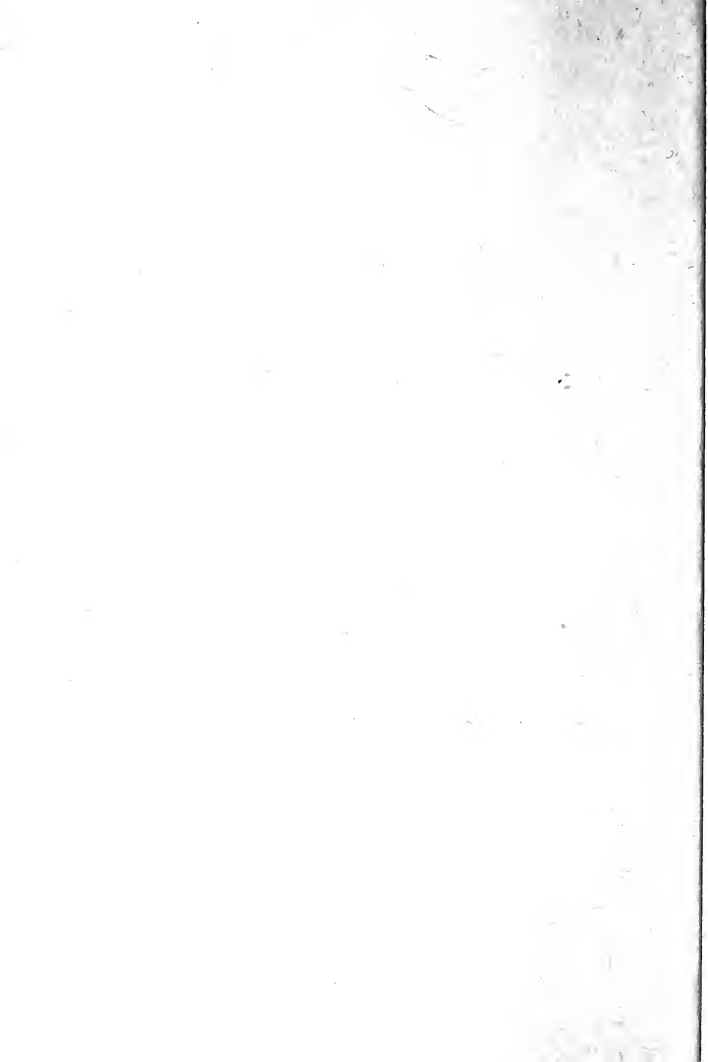


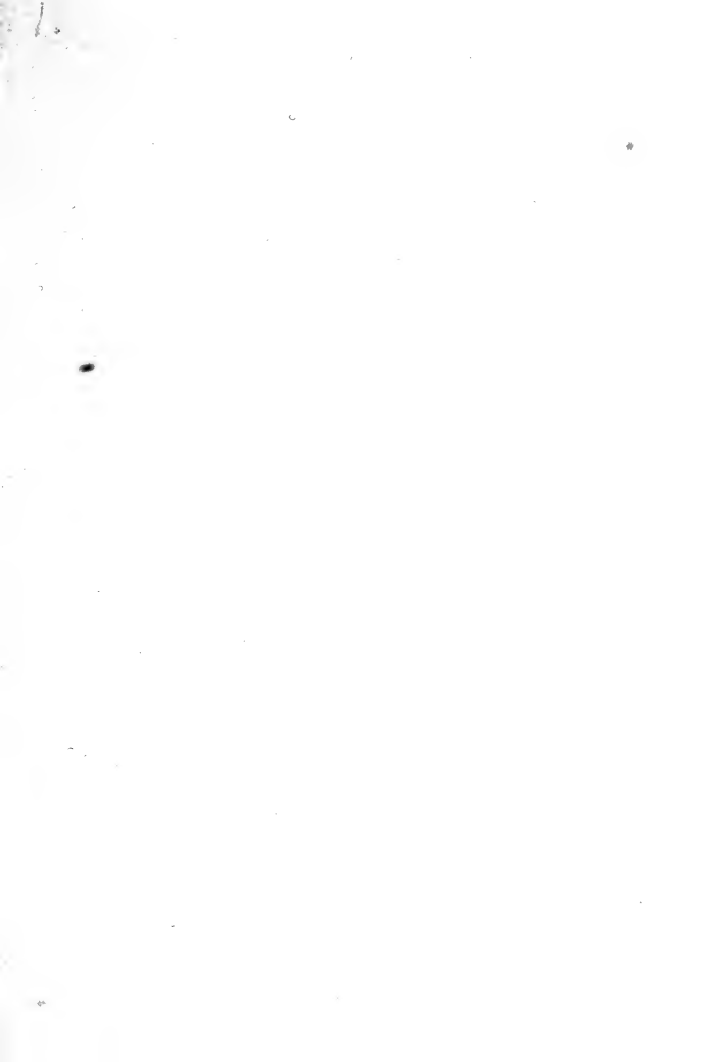


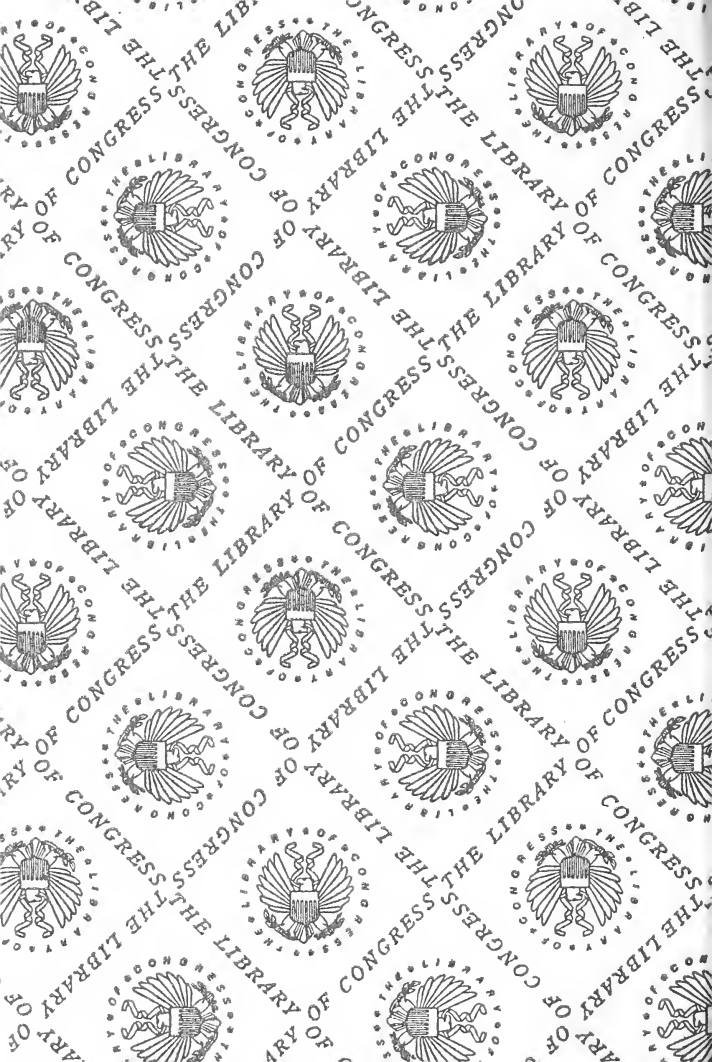


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